Manga
Comedy

PRIVATE SCHOOL™

At PRIVATE SCHOOL, the future of our nation is under fire!

Baby-faced government killers are bused into a top secret military training facility that has been disguised as a high school in order to receive federal education rounds. But for this charade to succeed, the cadets will not only have to look like ordinary high school students, but act like them too. Now they're being ordered to get really good at goofing off and to camouflage themselves as stereotypical jocks, bullies, nerds and prom queens!

PRIVATE SCHOOL is wild action comedy that never quits and shows off the hottest girls that you never met in class!

THE MANGA REVOLUTION • LEADING THE MANGA REVOLUTION • 漫画革命

EMPIRE

COMEDY

OT
OLDER TEEN
AGE 16+

TOKYOPOP AGE RATING
MAY INCLUDE:
MILD SEXUALITY
AGGRESSION
MILD GORE
MODERATE LANGUAGE

TOKYOPOP®

PRIVATE SCHOOL™

BRANDON MONTCLARE
MICHAEL SHELFER

1

Private School Vol. 1

Story by Brandon Montclare

Illustrated by Michael Shelfer

Lettering - Michael Paolilli
Copy Editor - Jessica Chavez
Toning - Chow Hon Lam
Cover Design - Tina Corrales

Editor - Luis Reyes
Digital Imaging Manager - Chris Buford
Pre-Production Supervisor - Vince Rivera
Art Director - Al-Insan Lashley
Managing Editor - Vy Nguyen
Creative Director - Anne Marie Horne
Editor-in-Chief - Rob Tokar
Publisher - Mike Kiley
President and C.O.O. - John Parker
C.E.O. and Chief Creative Officer - Stu Levy

A TOKYOPOP® Manga

TOKYOPOP and are trademarks or registered trademarks of TOKYOPOP Inc.

TOKYOPOP Inc.
5900 Wilshire Blvd. Suite 2000
Los Angeles, CA 90036

E-mail: info@TOKYOPOP.com
Come visit us online at www.TOKYOPOP.com

© 2005 Brandon L. Montclare and TOKYOPOP Inc.
All Rights Reserved. "Private School" is a trademark of TOKYOPOP Inc.

All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means without written permission from the copyright holders. This manga is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

ISBN: 978-1-4278-0083-1

First TOKYOPOP printing: July 2008

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed in the USA

VOLUME 1

STORY BY
BRANDON MONTCLARE

ILLUSTRATED BY
MICHAEL SHELFER

TOKYOPOP®

HAMBURG // LONDON // LOS ANGELES // TOKYO

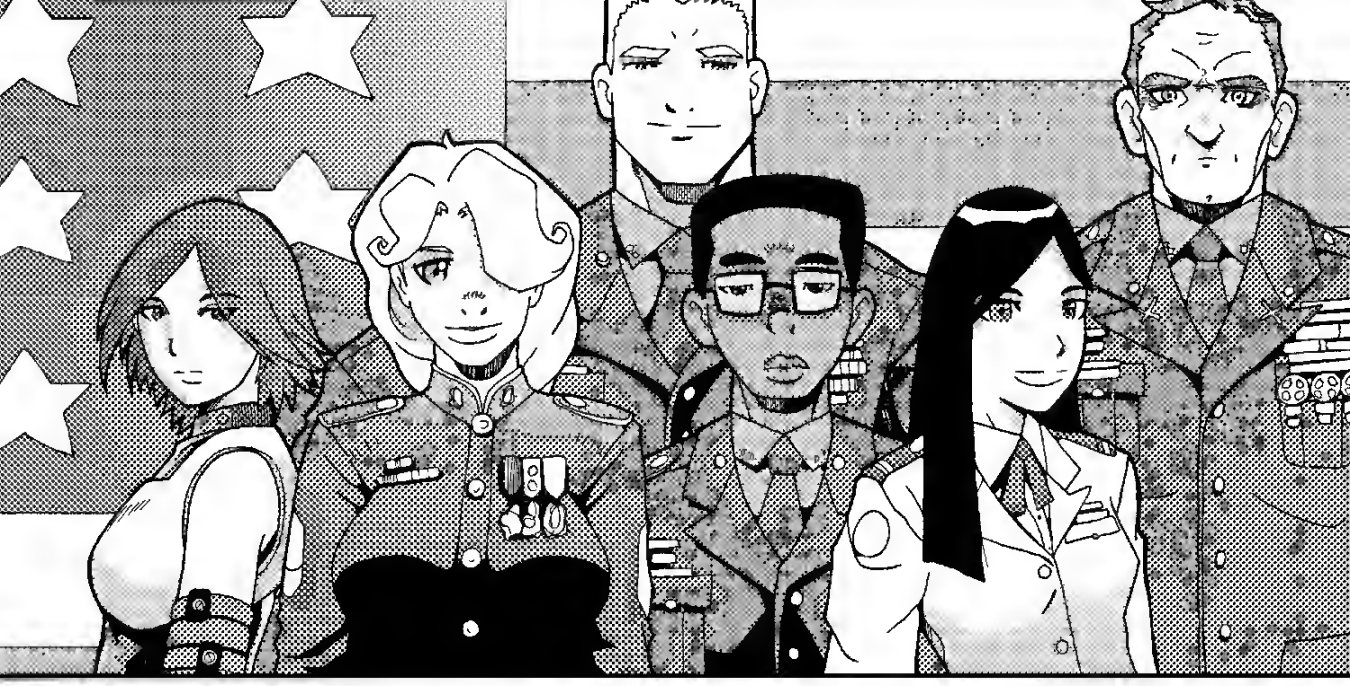
TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1:
WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD MEN.....6

CHAPTER 2:
ADAPT AND SURVIVE.....40

CHAPTER 3:
COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE.....78

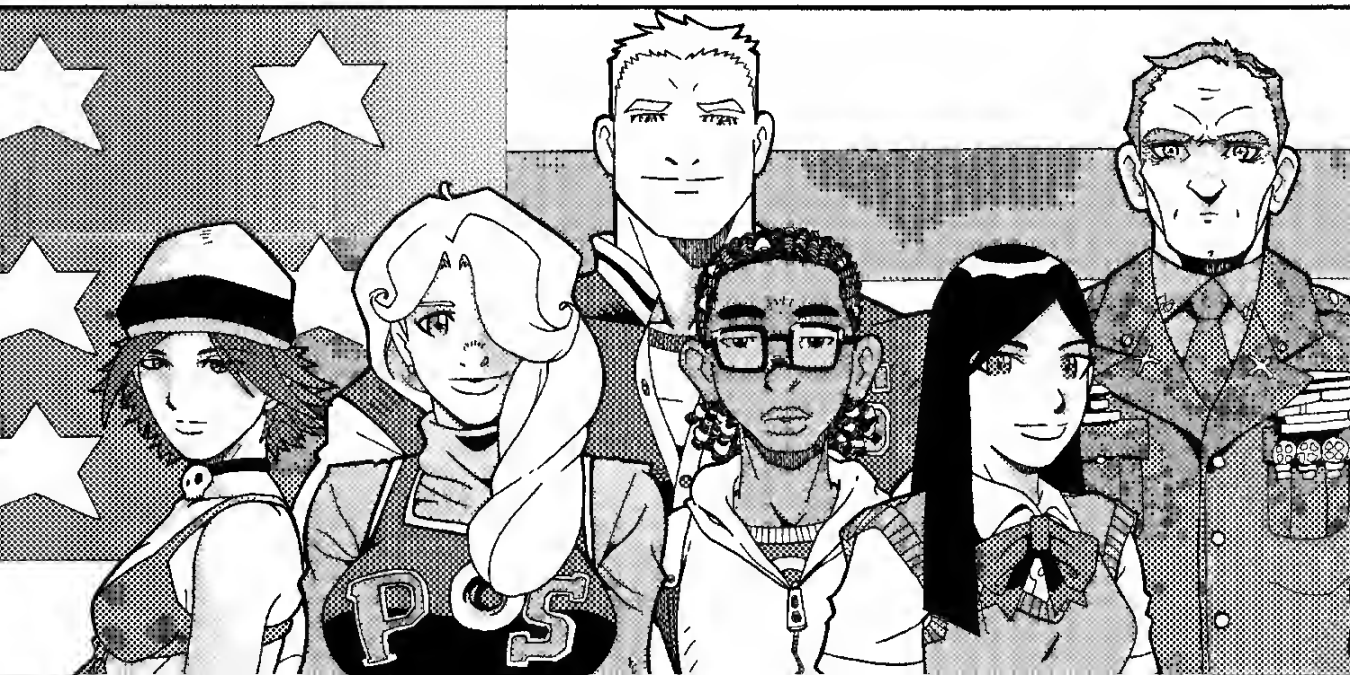
CHAPTER 4:
BOMB SHELL.....124



Baby-faced government killers are bused into a top secret military training facility disguised as a high school in order to receive federal education funds. The nation's Black Ops budget is over-burdened and the best way to secretly reallocate money is to do it in the open, exploiting legitimate channels: your school taxes.

Right from the bell, their polished military personalities raise a red flag--no one believes real teen kids can be so spiffy. In order for this charade to succeed, the cadets must be properly camouflaged...as ordinary high school students.

Now they're being ordered to get really good at goofing off, cultivate a parody of angsty teen unrest, and to camouflage themselves as stereotypical jocks, bullies, nerds, and prom queens.



CHAPTER 1:
WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD MEN

CAPTAIN! WHAT'S THE WORD, MY MAN?
WE'RE GONNA KILL THOSE BASTARDS ON SATURDAY!
SMACK
YES, SIR! SEE YOU ON THE FIELD!
IT WAS SO WORTH IT.
UNLESS WE DOUBLE-TIME IT, WE'RE GONNA BE LATE.
ALL RIGHT, GIRLS. LET'S MOVE OUT!
YEAH, I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE BRYCE IN HIS GYM CLOTHES!
OHMYGOD! OHMYGOD! HERE COMES BRYCE!
I'M READY.
LET HIM COME...
...IN ME.
eewwww
THANKS, DEBBIE! MY LUNCH IS COMING BACK FOR A SECOND APPOINTMENT WITH THE BACK OF MY THROAT.

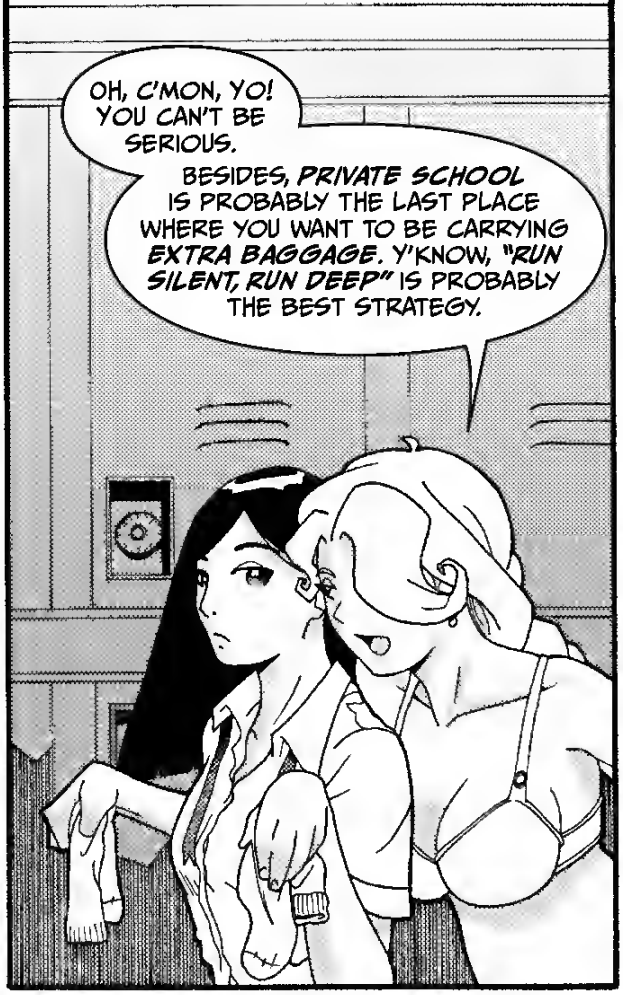
I'M JUST GLAD WE COULD FIND THE GYMNASIUM--THIS PLACE IS SUCH A MAZE!

I'M JUST GLAD I GOT ACCEPTED TO THE PROGRAM!
YOU DON'T WANNA KNOW WHO I HAD TO KILL TO MAKE THE CUT!
YO'S DEAD ON! THOSE RECRUITERS WERE TOTALLY HARDCORE!
HMM...
WELL, WE ARE THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST...
...AND THE FUTURE OF THIS COUNTRY DEPENDS ON US.

JEEZ, DEBBIE! DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO BE THE PERFECT POSTER-GIRL?
I WANT YOU!--
NOT TO HAVE YOUR ASS BUSTED...OR ANYTHING ELSE THAT'S IMPORTANT. LIGHTEN UP, YO!
Ha ha!
PS
I JUST HOPE WE CAN ALL STAY THE COURSE THIS SEMESTER.
078
085
09
084
101
103

C'MON, YO. WE'RE FRESH IN FROM THE WORLD...
...AND PRIVATE SCHOOL IS A PROVING GROUND--WHERE WE LEARN TO FACE FEAR, DANGER, OR ADVERSITY.
UMMM.. DEBBIE?
ERRRMPH... WHAT'S UP, YO-YO?
105
I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S...AH...A CONFIDENCE THING OR WHAT--BUT ALL THIS TRIAL-BY-FIRE TALK HAS ME...UM... THINKING...

...I MEAN, I KNOW THAT I SHOULD BE PAST ALL THIS--ESPECIALLY *HERE*. IT'S JUST THAT I'VE ALWAYS HELD OUT HOPE FOR A LITTLE *GROWTH SPURT*.
MAYBE I SHOULD ADD A LITTLE EXTRA *PADDING*--- WHADDYATHINK?
YOU KNOW...A *NEW LOOK*. MIGHT HELP ME MAKE AN *IMPRESSION* AROUND HERE.


OH, C'MON, YO! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.
BESIDES, *PRIVATE SCHOOL* IS PROBABLY THE LAST PLACE WHERE YOU WANT TO BE CARRYING *EXTRA BAGGAGE*. Y'KNOW, *"RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP"* IS PROBABLY THE BEST STRATEGY.

I DUNNO...A LITTLE MORE *FIREPOWER* IN THE *TORPEDOES* ISN'T A BAD STRATEGY.
YO, YOU'RE TOTALLY GOING PSYCHO---
HEY GUYS...!

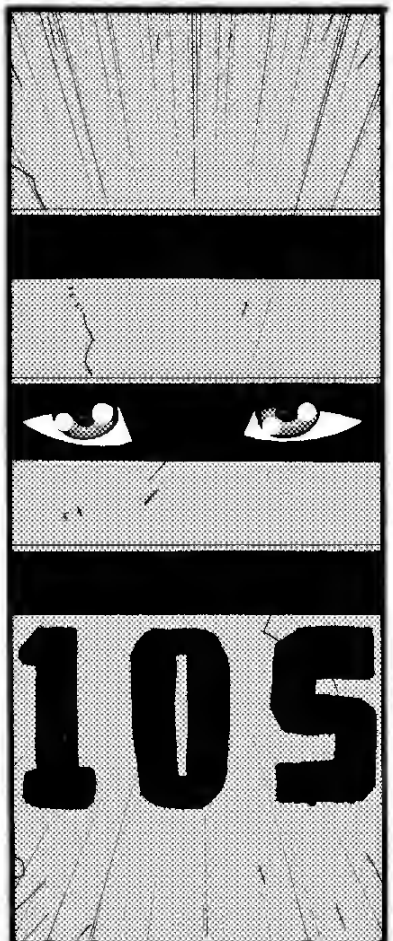
GYM CLASS IS TOTALLY HARDCORE! I SAW SOME OF THE OTHER NEW STUDENTS WARMING UP--THEY WERE KILLING EACH OTHER!
EIIIIIIIII!
WOW...UM...THAT SOUNDS PRETTY... UH...HARDCORE!
103
104
105
10

I DIDN'T SIGN UP FOR THIS!
IF I'M GONNA GET A WORKOUT WITH BRYCE, I'D RATHER DO IT *LYING DOWN.*
IT'S PROBABLY *ILLEGAL* WHAT THEY MAKE US DO!
I KNOW! *INHUMANE!*
THIS IS *PRIVATE SCHOOL.* THE U.N. DOESN'T HAVE JURISDICTION HERE!
THEN YOUR *WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION* ARE SAFE!
Hahahaha!
Tee-hee!
WMDD'S

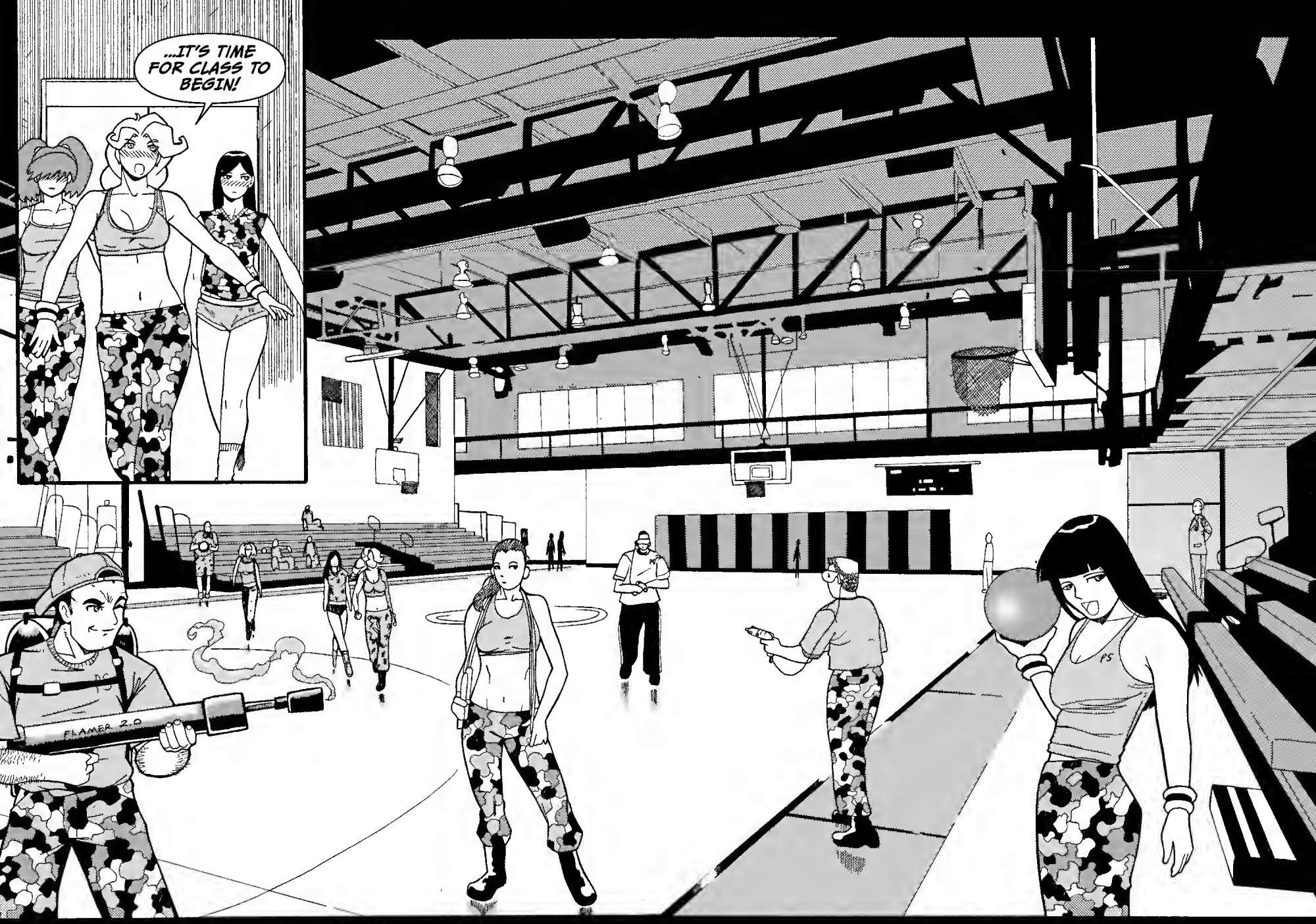
WHAT WE REALLY NEED HERE ARE SOME IMPARTIAL OBSERVERS...I MEAN, DISINTERESTED INSPECTORS...
...OR...WHATEVER YOU CALL THEM.

SHH-KRAK

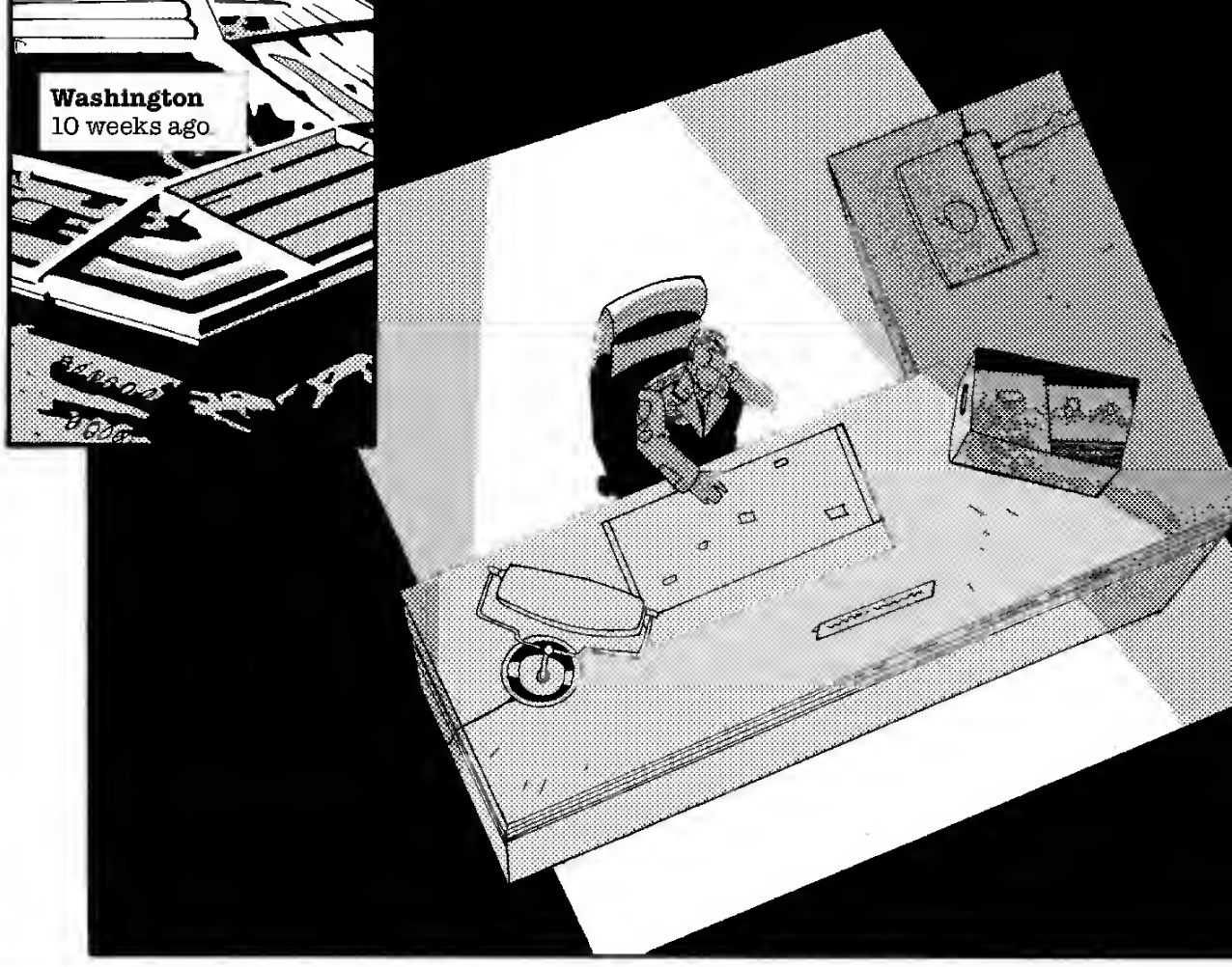
SPEAKING OF EYES ON US...I THOUGHT SALLY BLACK WAS IN THIS CLASS.
YEAH?! THAT GIRL FREAKS ME OUT!
IT'S LIKE SHE'S ALWAYS SPYING ON EVERYONE.
105

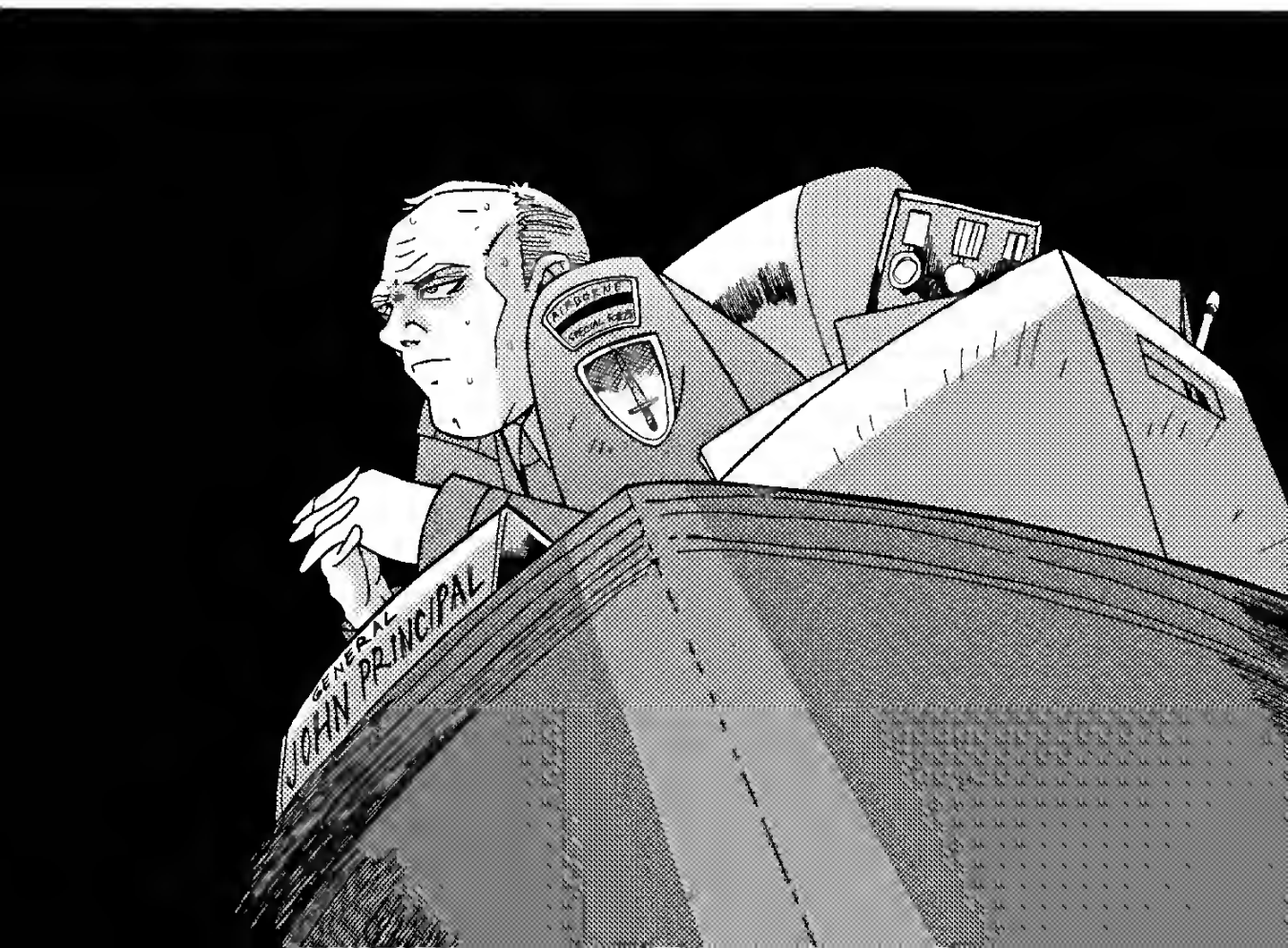

105

SALLY IS PROBABLY SOMEWHERE IN HERE RIGHT NOW.
FULL METAL JACKET
DAMN THIS UNIFORM! THE LAST THING THAT FIT THIS TIGHT WAS PAUL MORRISSEY'S
ANYWAY, IF WE'RE ALL GEARED UP...
YOU KNOW, "OLD GLORY" AND FLAGPOLE STUFF...
GYM
...A LESSON HE OR I WON'T SOON FORGET.

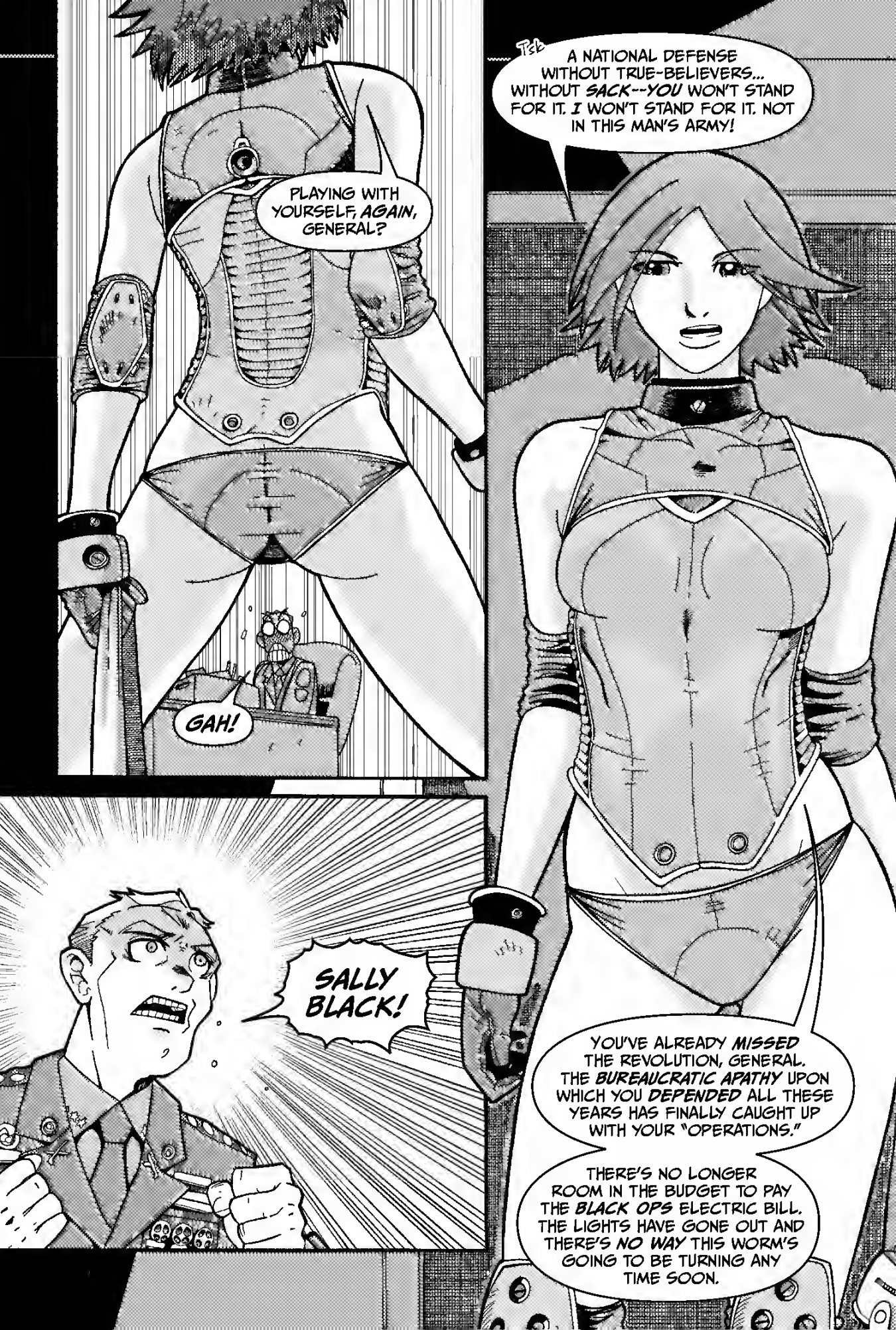

...IT'S TIME FOR CLASS TO BEGIN!
FLAMER 2.0

SIR! YES, SIR!
PS
-PS-
FIGHT CLUB DUMMY
SPIT
SMACK
CRACK


Washington
10 weeks ago


AIRBORNE
GENERAL
JOHN PRINCIPAL

A DINOSAUR.
A FOSSIL.
A GODDAMN DINOSAUR.
FUNDING IS DENIED! ACROSS THE BOARD. YOUR METHODS AND TACTICS ARE A THING OF THE PAST. THESE SECRET SESSIONS ARE A THING OF THE PAST. YOU'RE A--
FROM THE TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN TO COOLING OFF IN ONE HELL OF AN UNEXPECTED ICE AGE.
GOD.
DAMNED.
DINOSAUR.
PRIVATE SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL
Let's arouse the sleeping Giant -SB


PLAYING WITH YOURSELF, AGAIN, GENERAL?
GAH!
Tsk
A NATIONAL DEFENSE WITHOUT TRUE-BELIEVERS... WITHOUT SACK--YOU WON'T STAND FOR IT. I WON'T STAND FOR IT. NOT IN THIS MAN'S ARMY!
SALLY BLACK!
YOU'VE ALREADY MISSED THE REVOLUTION, GENERAL. THE BUREAUCRATIC APATHY UPON WHICH YOU DEPENDED ALL THESE YEARS HAS FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH YOUR "OPERATIONS."
THERE'S NO LONGER ROOM IN THE BUDGET TO PAY THE BLACK OPS ELECTRIC BILL. THE LIGHTS HAVE GONE OUT AND THERE'S NO WAY THIS WORM'S GOING TO BE TURNING ANY TIME SOON.

I'VE SPENT FOUR DECADES DOING THE JOBS NO ONE ELSE WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT-- BACK BEFORE YOUR GRANDMOTHER STARTED SLEEPING HER WAY TO THE TOP!
THAT'S THE POINT, GENERAL. TIMES CHANGE AND YOU DON'T. THERE'S NO MORE ROOM IN WASHINGTON FOR SECRET BUNKERS, SECRET AGENTS AND TOP SECRET AGENDAS.
THE POLITICIANS HAVE FINALLY FIGURED OUT THAT IT'S EASIER TO DEAL IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.
GENERAL JOHN PRINCIPAL
I MEAN, THINK ABOUT IT--IT'S NOT LIKE JOHN Q. PUBLIC CAN DECIPHER THE FUNDING SCHEMES, ANYWAY...
...AND BEFORE YOU SAY SOMETHING PREHISTORIC ABOUT THE DUTY TO DEFEND "OUR WAY OF LIFE" AND ALL THAT CRAP, WASHINGTON'S FOUND IT PROFITABLE TO KEEP ENEMIES.
BESIDES, I THINK THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN MORE WORRIED ABOUT LOOKING OVER THEIR SHOULDERS AT US GUYS IN THE SHADOW GOVERNMENT.
PRINCIPAL
JOHN GENERAL
3
GRR... I'LL SHOW THIS SHREW I STILL CAN PLAY, AND NOT JUST WITH MYSELF.
Let's arouse the sleeping Giant
-SB
10

Private School
Today
PRIVATE SCHOOL
KEEP OUT!!
PRIVATE

YOU GOTTA ADMIT, YO...HE'S GOT A *NICE* PACKAGE.
BRYCE'S AN AIRHEAD, DEBBIE...
YEAH, BUT WHO AM *I* TO JUDGE SOMETHING LIKE THAT?
C'MON... YOU CAN DO SO MUCH BETTER.
WEEELL... IT'S KINDA TOO LATE NOW. HE ASKED ME TO GO OUT WITH HIM AFTER CLASS.
FINE! IT'S *YOUR* FUNERAL. AND YOU'LL BE A FEW RIFLEMEN SHORT OF A *21-GUN SALUTE!*
KI-YA!
WEELL...I DON'T THINK IT WOULD BE *PROPER PROCEDURAL ETIQUETTE* FOR ME TO GO UNESCORTED. I'M TRYING A NEW IMAGE, Y'KNOW... MAYBE I CAN BE *"THE GOOD GIRL."*
KIYA!

WHAT! NO WAY!
SO I TOLD HIM I'D ONLY DO A DOUBLE-DATE.
COME WITH?

Grrrrrrrr...!
HEY THERE, PRIVATE!

?!
HIIIIIIIIII!

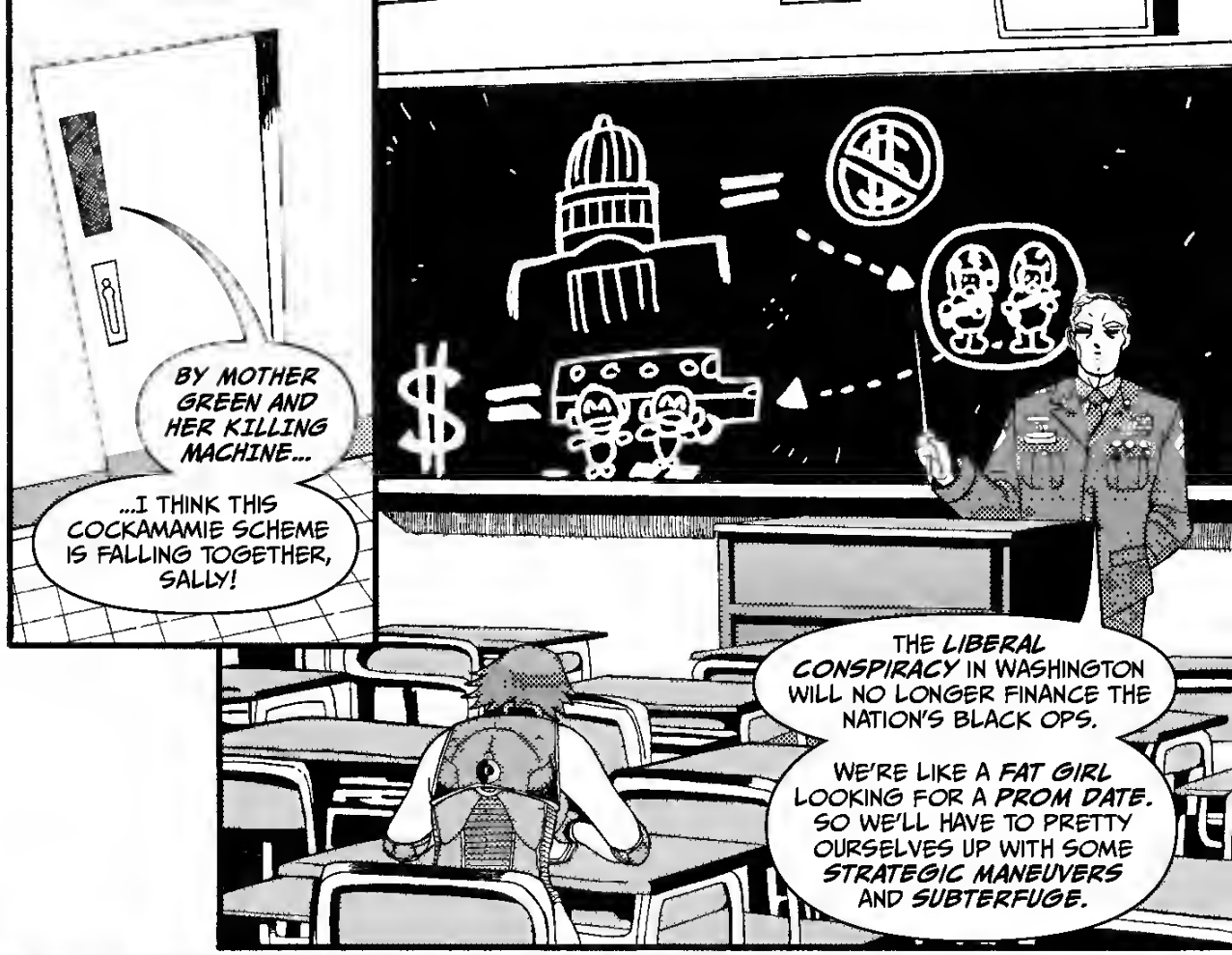
IS THE MISSION A GO?
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ON FOR TONIGHT, BUT I NEED A DATE FOR MY FRIEND HERE.
Grrrrrrrr!
ALL RIGHT, KADETS! HAND-TO-HAND MANDATORY KOMBAT EXERCISES.
PAIR UP! SOUND OFF!
PRIVATE DEBBIE DOLL.
CODENAME: GRUNT.
YOU'RE MINE, BITCH.
LIEUTENANT FRANCINE YO.
CODENAME: TSUNAMI.
HEY--DON'T YOU MEAN PUNANI?
HUH?

OOOOF!

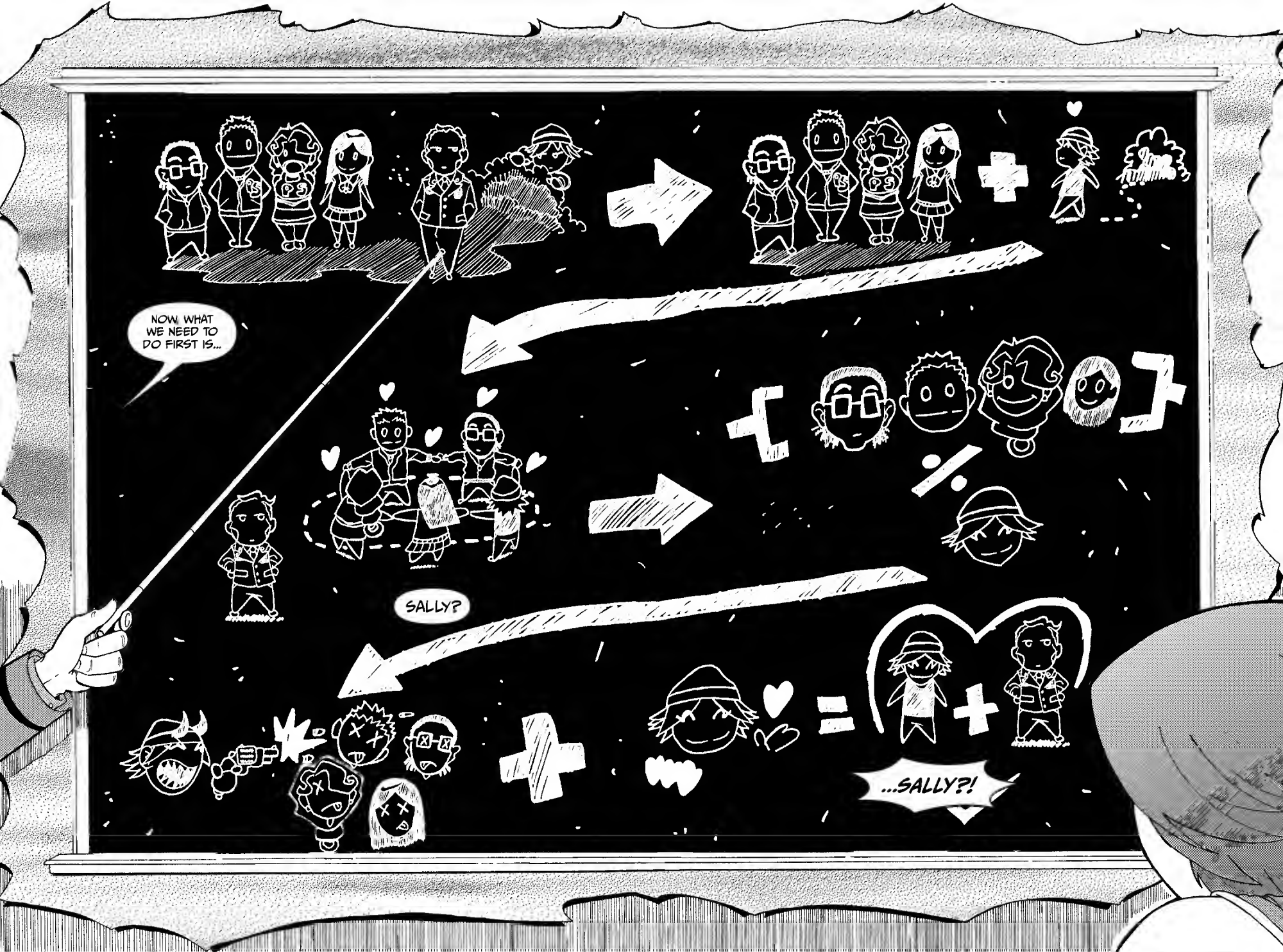
...ANY THING LESS THAN *SURGEON GENERAL'S* SIGNATURE ON NOTE, SWANSON, AND I WOULD HAVE PRETTY BOY OVER HERE WIPE FLOOR WITH YOUR FUZZY HEAD.

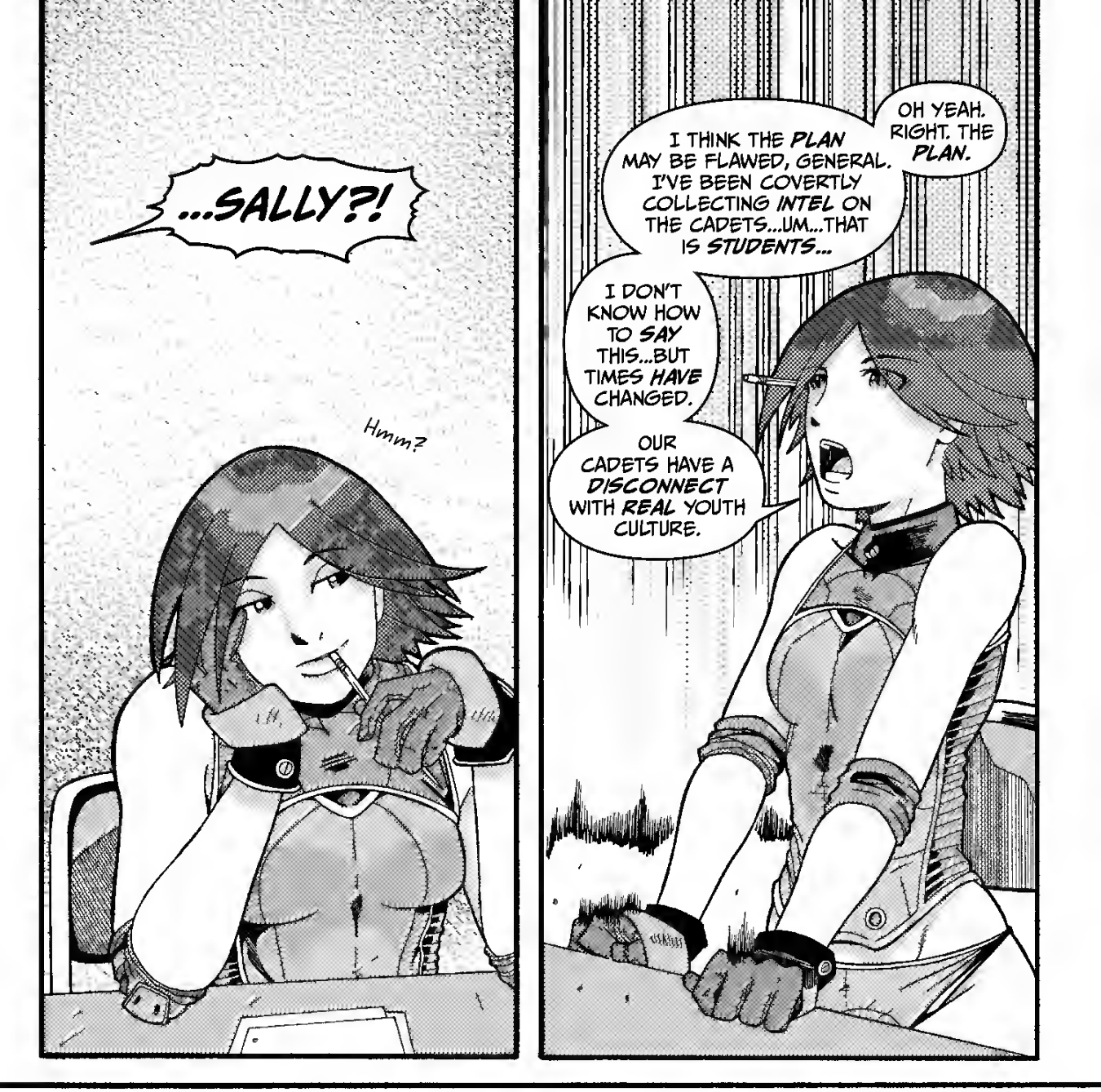
IMAGINE SOLDIER HAVING DOKTOR'S NOTE EXKUSING HIM FROM KLASS!
WOW--I'D HAVE A FIELD DAY GETTING EVERY-THING INSIDE HER HEAD SORTED OUT.
SORRY THAT THEY HAD TO TEAM THE TWO OF US TOGETHER FOR THIS CLASS.
YEAH, WELL, NO SWEAT--LITERALLY--I GUESS. BUT I ALREADY HAVE PLANS FOR SOME ACTION LATER ON.
HEH HEH...
HEY, MAN--YOU CAN MAKE IT UP TO ME BY TAKING MY BABE'S FRIEND OUT ON A DOUBLE-TEAM.
MINE'S THE ONE ON TOP. YOU GET THE LITTLE ONE--SHE'S KINDA CUTE TOO.

YIELD OR YOU GET A NEW ONE RIPPED FOR YOU.
NNNNNNN!
LOOK AT 'EM, MY MAN. YOU KNOW IT'S GONNA BE FUN.
IT WILL BE FASCINATING.


BY MOTHER GREEN AND HER KILLING MACHINE...
...I THINK THIS COCKAMAMIE SCHEME IS FALLING TOGETHER, SALLY!
THE LIBERAL CONSPIRACY IN WASHINGTON WILL NO LONGER FINANCE THE NATION'S BLACK OPS.
WE'RE LIKE A FAT GIRL LOOKING FOR A PROM DATE. SO WE'LL HAVE TO PRETTY OURSELVES UP WITH SOME STRATEGIC MANEUVERS AND SUBTERFUGE.

YEAH! WE'LL GO ALL COVERT ON THEIR ASS!
FEDERAL EDUCATION RESERVES. IT'S A VERITABLE SLUSH FUND OF FREE MONEY!
WE'VE OUTFITTED A FEW BABY-FACED CADETS IN A TOP SECRET TRAINING FACILITY AND CALL IT A PREP SCHOOL. WE'RE FLYING RIGHT BELOW THEIR RADAR!
YEAH! ALL PEARL HARBOR-LIKE. ON THEIR ASS!

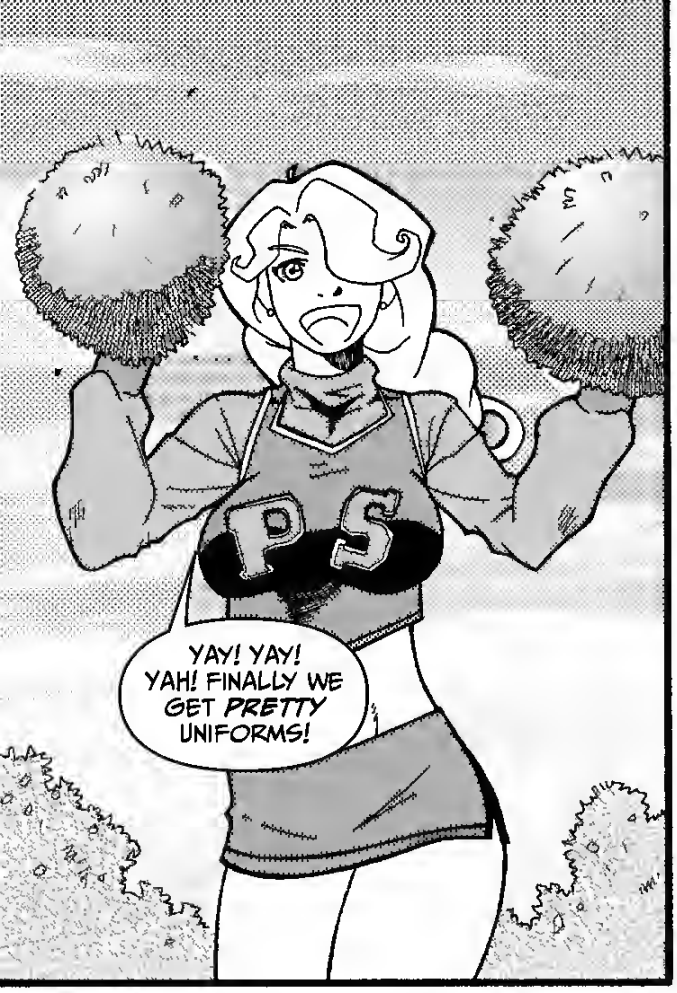

NOW, WHAT WE NEED TO DO FIRST IS...
SALLY?
...SALLY?!


...SALLY?!
Hmm?
I THINK THE PLAN MAY BE FLAWED, GENERAL. I'VE BEEN COVERTLY COLLECTING INTEL ON THE CADETS...UM...THAT IS STUDENTS...
OH YEAH. RIGHT. THE PLAN.
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY THIS...BUT TIMES HAVE CHANGED.
OUR CADETS HAVE A DISCONNECT WITH REAL YOUTH CULTURE.

ARE YOU SAYING THAT WE SHOULD JUST BURY OUR DEAD AND MOVE ON?
NOT EXACTLY...

WE NEED A FRESH *PLAN OF ATTACK.*
A--DARE I SAY IT-- *RADICAL* DEPARTURE FROM *STANDARD OPERATING PROCEDURE.*
I'M TALKING ABOUT GOING UNDER *DEEP* COVER.
JUST HOW DEEP?
BALLS DEEP, GENERAL.
AIRBORNE
Special Forces
SALLY...
...EVEN THOUGH YOU WERE *GREEN,* I ALWAYS CONSIDERED YOU MY GREATEST PUPIL--LIKE A *DAUGHTER,* EVEN.
WOW. WHEN YOU PUT IT *THAT* WAY IT ALMOST SEEMS *SICK.*

ANYWAY, BACK TO THE PLAN...
WE NEED TO EMBRACE THE CULTURAL ICONS OF DIVERSE SOCIAL STRATIFICATION.
THE CLIQUES-- EVERY STEREOTYPE, EVERY PIGEONHOLE. JOCKS, NERDS, PROM QUEENS, BULLIES AND TEACHER'S PETS. ALL OF THEM.
...GOODIETWOSHOES, JOCKS, GOTHS, CHEERLEADING SLUTS...
ALL OF THEM.
REVIEW THE DOSSIERS. MATCH-UP AS BEST YOU CAN THE PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILES TO THE DESIRED STEREOTYPES.
WE'LL ADD TEENAGE SOCIALIZATION--OR MORE LIKE ANTI-SOCIALIZATION-- HEAVILY INTO THE CURRICULUM. WE'LL REMOLD EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM INTO NEW IDENTITIES!
WE'LL NEED TO BE ALL THAT WE CAN BE.
ADAPT AND SURVIVE, KNOWWHATIMEAN?


PS
YAY! YAY! YAH! FINALLY WE GET *PRETTY* UNIFORMS!

FACE IT B.P.C., YOU STILL GOT THE MAGIC.
PS

NO, I DIDN'T GET ORDERS TO SECURE A NEW UNIFORM-- WAIT--
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "I GUESS YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE NERD"?
One Ring
to rule them all

OH, COME ON!
WHILE I FULLY ADMIT IT CAN BE CONSTRUED AS SOMEWHAT *NAVAL*, I NONETHELESS THINK THAT IT IS STILL WHOLLY INAPPROPRIATE.

CHAPTER 2:
ADAPT AND SURVIVE

NIKE
101
...NO...I'M TELLING YOU, THE GENERAL'S ORDERS CLEARLY READ TO REPORT UNDERCOVER DISGUISED AS "DADDY'S LITTLE G--"
RICH BITCH.
WELL! THAT SEEMS OVERLY BROAD--
RICH BITCH.

WHO'DA THOUGHT THIS PROGRAM WOULD BE SO GRUELING.
"HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT EXERCISES..."
"STUDIES IN URBAN DEMOLITIONS..."
...THEN "AFTERSCHOOL TARGET PRACTICE!"
CHEERLEADER CAR WASH
THIS WEEKEND!
Sign up here:
IT'S LIKE I'M A CADET ALL OVER AGAIN.
I ACTUALLY DID WELL AT THE *ACADEMY*. I HOPE IT TRANSLATES *HERE*.
I GUESS WE'LL SEE WHAT WE'RE *REALLY* UP AGAINST AFTER THE MANDATORY *ORIENTATION*.
MORE LIKE, *ORIENTAL*TATION.

HA
HA
HA
HEY, BABY-- I'VE HAD YOU IN MY SIGHTS SINCE THIS MORNING ON THE BUS.
WHO SAID THAT?!
TALK ABOUT A BOGIE POPPING UP ON RADAR! LISTEN, SLEAZEBAG--
HEY THERE, SAILOR!
PERMISSION TO COME ABOARD?
THIS GUY IS SUCH A DREAMBOAT, ISN'T HE, YO?
HOW ABOUT WE DO A LITTLE R&R AFTER CLASS TODAY?
GAH!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE MISSING ALL THAT *SHORE LEAVE* ACTION YOU WERE USED TO.
Tee hee...
TELL ME ABOUT IT. NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY BRYCE P. COLEMAN WOULD BE LANDLOCKED.
Y'KNOW...I'M USED TO HAVING A *BABE* IN *EVERY PORT.*
Y'KNOW, MY MOTTO HAS ALWAYS BEEN ANY PORT IN A STORM, DONTCHAKNOW.
THANKS, BUT NO THANKS, *SEAMAN.* I THINK THERE ARE BETTER THINGS WE CAN DO WITH OUR DOWNTIME!
BYE!
COME *ON*, DEBBIE! WE'RE ALREADY GOING TO BE TARDY FOR *PERIMETER DUTY.*
YO!
HEY!
Yeeeeeeeag!
DO EITHER OF YOU *KNOW* HOW GROSS YOU ARE!

RICH. BITCH.
LOOK ALIVE, SOLDIERS!
ER... I MEAN...
CLASS, COME TO ORDER. AND THAT'S AN ORDER! ER...OOPS.
IN KEEPING WITH THE NEW CURRICULUM GUIDELINES I HAVE SOME EXERCISES PLANNED SO THAT YOU CAN ADAPT AND SURVIVE AS ADOLESCENTS IN TODAY'S WORLD.
LET'S START WITH SOCIAL STUDIES.

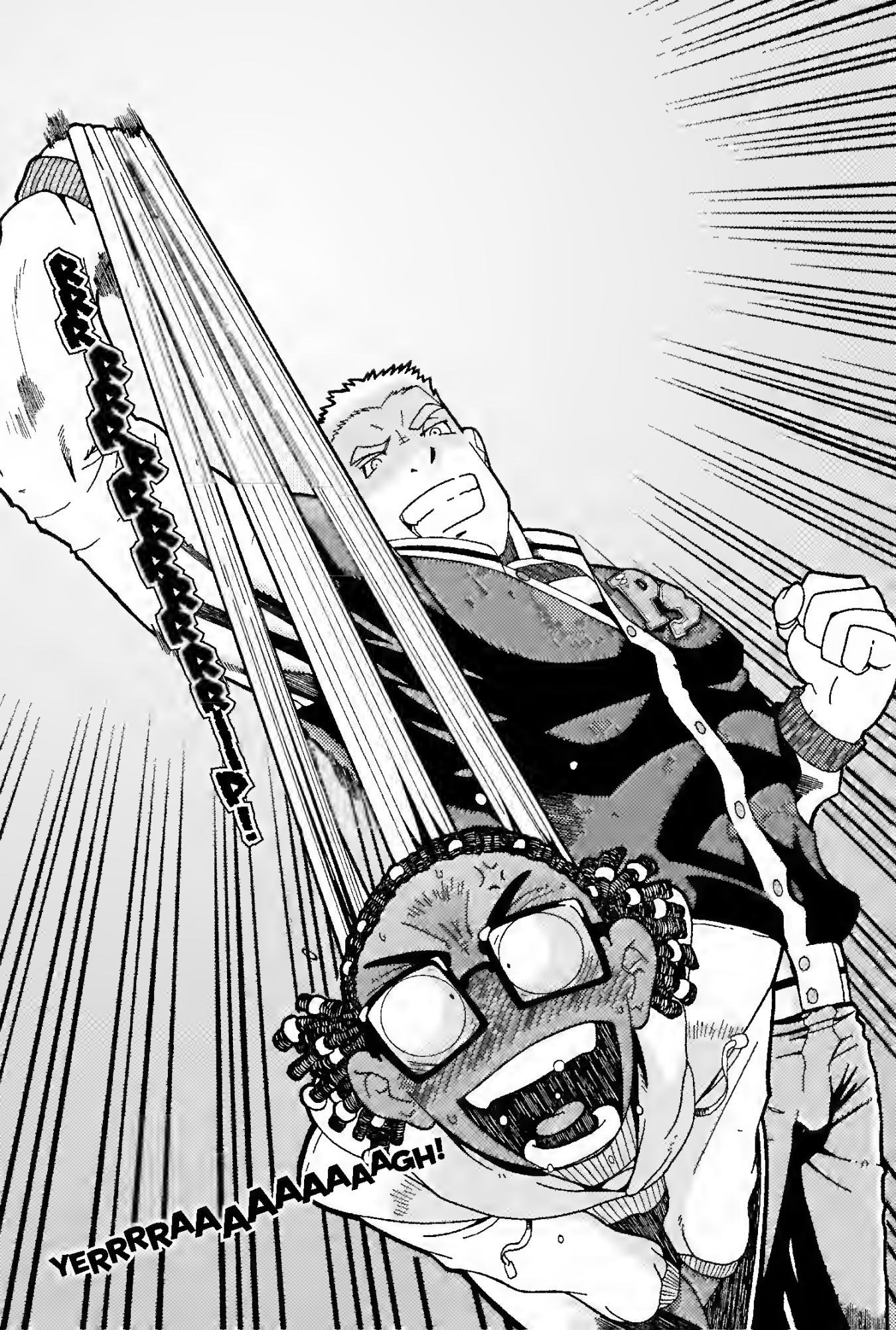
AS YOU ALL KNOW BY NOW, EACH OF YOU HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED A NEW COVERT IDENTITY.
ONE THAT CORRESPONDS TO WHAT YOUR PSYCH PROFILE TELLS US IS YOUR MOST FITTING TEENAGE TYPECAST.
THIS, NO DOUBT, WILL BE A SOURCE OF CONFUSION TO YOU ALL.
AS YOUR BODIES TRANSFORM, YOU WILL NOTICE THAT THE MIND WILL ALSO BE AFFECTED.
AIRBORNE SPECIAL FORCES
HOWEVER, RECONNAISSANCE TELLS US THAT EVERY TEENAGER GOES THROUGH IT.
ANY QUESTIONS?
HMMM...WELL, LET'S START OFF FIRST WITH A LITTLE ROLE CALL...UM, I MEAN... ATTENDANCE.
SOUND OFF!

WELL, I GUESS I'LL GET THIS STARTED... SALLY BLACK.
I'M THE "GOTH CHICK."
BRYCE P. COLEMAN.
JOCK.
HENRY SWANSON.
I'M THE-- THE, AH...
NERD!
BINGO.
HAS ANYONE SEEN CADETS YO AND DEBBIE?
YOU MEAN THE "CHEERLEADER" AND THE "ASIAN SCHOOLGIRL"?
I THINK YO IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE "STRAIGHT-A STUDENT."
WHATEVER.
PERIMETER DUTY.

YOU WERE RIGHT, YO...
PERIMETER DUTY IS TOTALLY RE-TARDY. THIS IS SO BORING!
JUST SHUT UP AND KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE WIRE.
WE'VE GOT SOME MOVEMENT BY THE FRONT GATE.
GET OFF YOUR FOURTH-POINT-OF-CONTACT AND ON THAT RIFLE!
C'MON! NOTHING HERE IS EVER GOING TO GO HOT.
WE'RE TOTALLY SECURE, SO CHILL.
THE PERIMETER IS COOL...BUT I'M ALL HOT.

PURRRRRRRRR...
RIM...
...EATER...
CUT IT OUT!
PURRRRRRRRR...
RIM...
EATER!
CUT IT OUT!
REOOOOWRR!

REINTEGRATION 101
Principal John General
DUDE, I DON'T THINK THIS IS SUCH A GOOD IDEA.
THE MISSION. THAT'S THE BE ALL AND THE END ALL. ADHERENCE TO THE PLAN.
YOUR PRESUMED IDENTITIES MUST BE SECOND NATURE. OUR ENEMIES WILL EXPLOIT THE SMALLEST CRACK IN THE ARMOR.
DON'T THINK! ACT!
BECOME YOUR UNDERCOVER IDENTITIES. BRYCE, YOU ARE THE JOCK. HENRY, THE NERD.
BECOME ENEMIES. BECOME YOUR MISSION.
I'M SORRY, BRO.
JUST DO IT.


AAAA

RED ALERT!
HENRY! ENGAGE THE INTRUDER--BUT DON'T KILL ANYONE!
UM...OK.
BRYCE! GO REINFORCE THE PERIMETER! LET'S HOPE DEBBIE & YO AREN'T TOO COMPROMISED!
SIR! YES, SIR!
PS

WHOA.

HA
HA
HA
HA
huff
huff
huff
PS
PS
PS
PLEASE, DON'T STOP ON ACCOUNT OF ME.
EH, THIS WHOLE THING IS *RETARDED*.
WE'VE GOT THE *PERIMETER* TO SECURE.
YOU TWO ALREADY SCREWED THE POOCH ON THAT ONE. THERE'S BEEN A BREACH AND PRINCIPAL WENT APESHIT.

OMIGOD-OMIGOD-OMIGOD-OMIGOD-OMIGOD!
JEEZ, YO! TAKE YOUR FINGER OFF THE TRIGGER!
WE NEED TO REGROUP AND REINFORCE THE DEFENSIVE ZONE AND--
SLOW DOWN, HIGH SPEED.
YEAH, I'M SURE THEY CAN HANDLE IT.
BESIDES, IT LOOKS LIKE WE CAN GET INTO SOME ACTION RIGHT HERE!
"ACTION"! BRYCE, YOU WERE RECRUITED FROM THE COAST GUARD.
THIS IS THE CLOSEST YOU'LL EVER GET TO DOWN DEEP IN THE BUSH!
C'MON, DEBBIE! LET'S UN-ASS THE AO.
ACTUALLY...
...I'M GONNA STICK AROUND FOR SOME ASS.
DROP DEAD, YOU TWO.
HEY, YO! IF I'M GOING TO DIE FOR A WORD, THAT WORD IS POONTANG.
TEE HEE...

WE HAVE A PERIMETER ALERT. I REPEAT-- PERIMETER ALERT!
TALK TO ME! IS IT AN AIR-STRIKE?! ARE THEY TUNNELING BENEATH US?!
NO. IT'S RIGHT AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE.
ARE THEY SAYING IT'S A FRONTAL ASSAULT?!
YES!
WHAT THE HELL IS A CIVILIAN DOING HERE?!

...AND HOW OLD ARE YOU?
UM, Y'KNOW, HIGH-SCHOOL AGED.
WELL, I AM REQUIRED BY STATE LAW TO GET THE PERMISSION OF YOUR PARENTS--OR GUARDIAN--
WELL, THEY'RE DEAD. BUT IF I SAY SOMETHING WRONG PRINCIPAL IS SO TOTALLY GOING TO KICK ME OUT OF SCHOOL--IF NOT KILL ME.
SURELY YOU'RE EXAGGERATING. AND RELAX, I'M HERE TO HELP.
C'MON...
I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU MORE STUFF, DO I? ISN'T THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO INSTEAD?
ERM...
I KNOW THAT I CAN THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE TO DO...
...AND I PROMISE I WON'T TELL.
CAN I HELP YOU, MRS...?

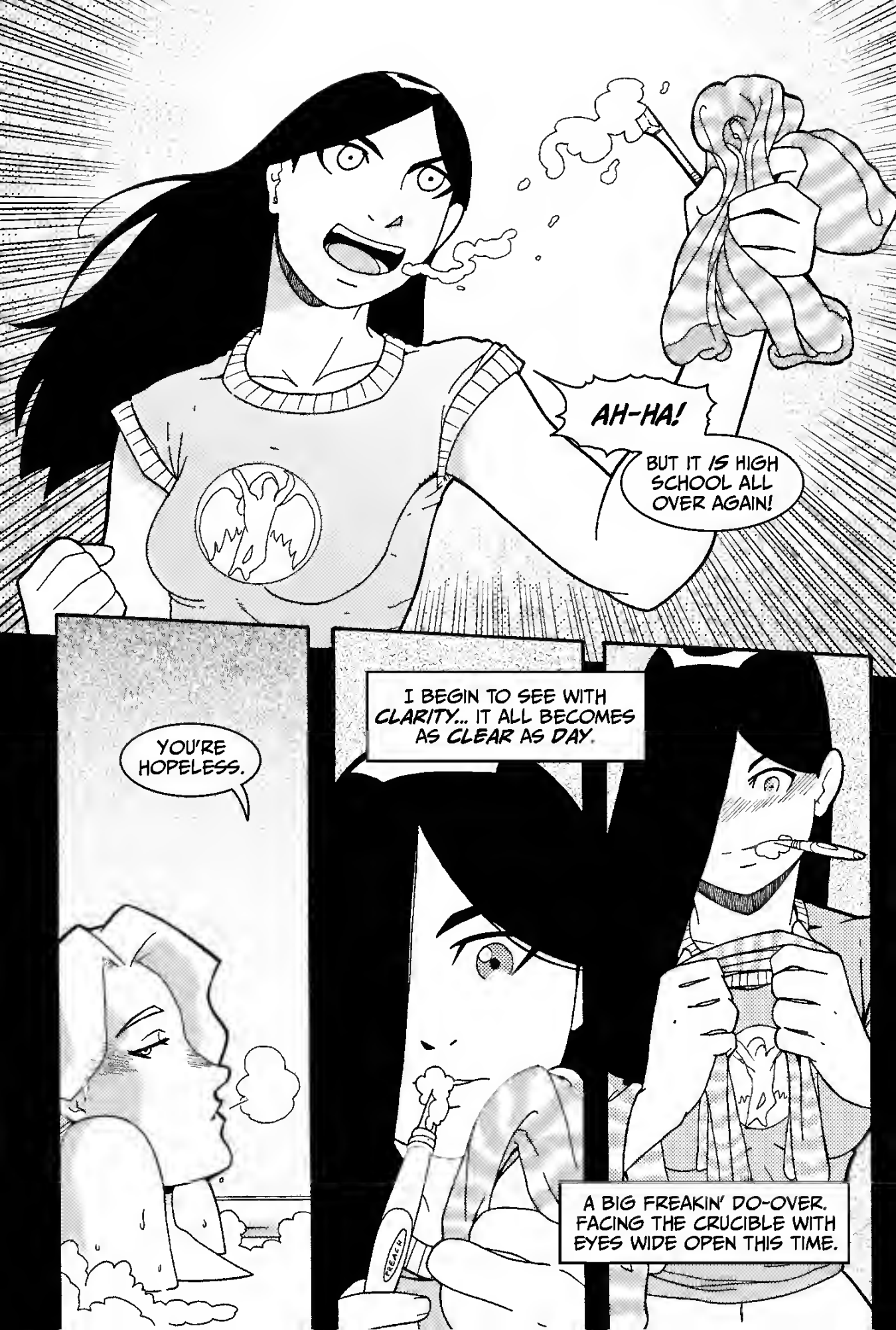
SMITH. MISS SMITH. GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR, I AM HERE ON BEHALF OF--
WE'RE NOT INTERESTED.
PARDON?
I MEAN, WE ARE--ERM--AH, THAT IS, WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF CLASSES.
AND THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY.
HMM.
I SEE.
WELL, I GUESS THAT'S *THAT*... EXCEPT...
...I DOUBT YOU WANT ME COMING BACK WITH A ***COURT ORDER***-- OR ALONG WITH THE FULL COMPLEMENT OF THE STATE ***EDUCATIONAL REVIEW*** BOARD.

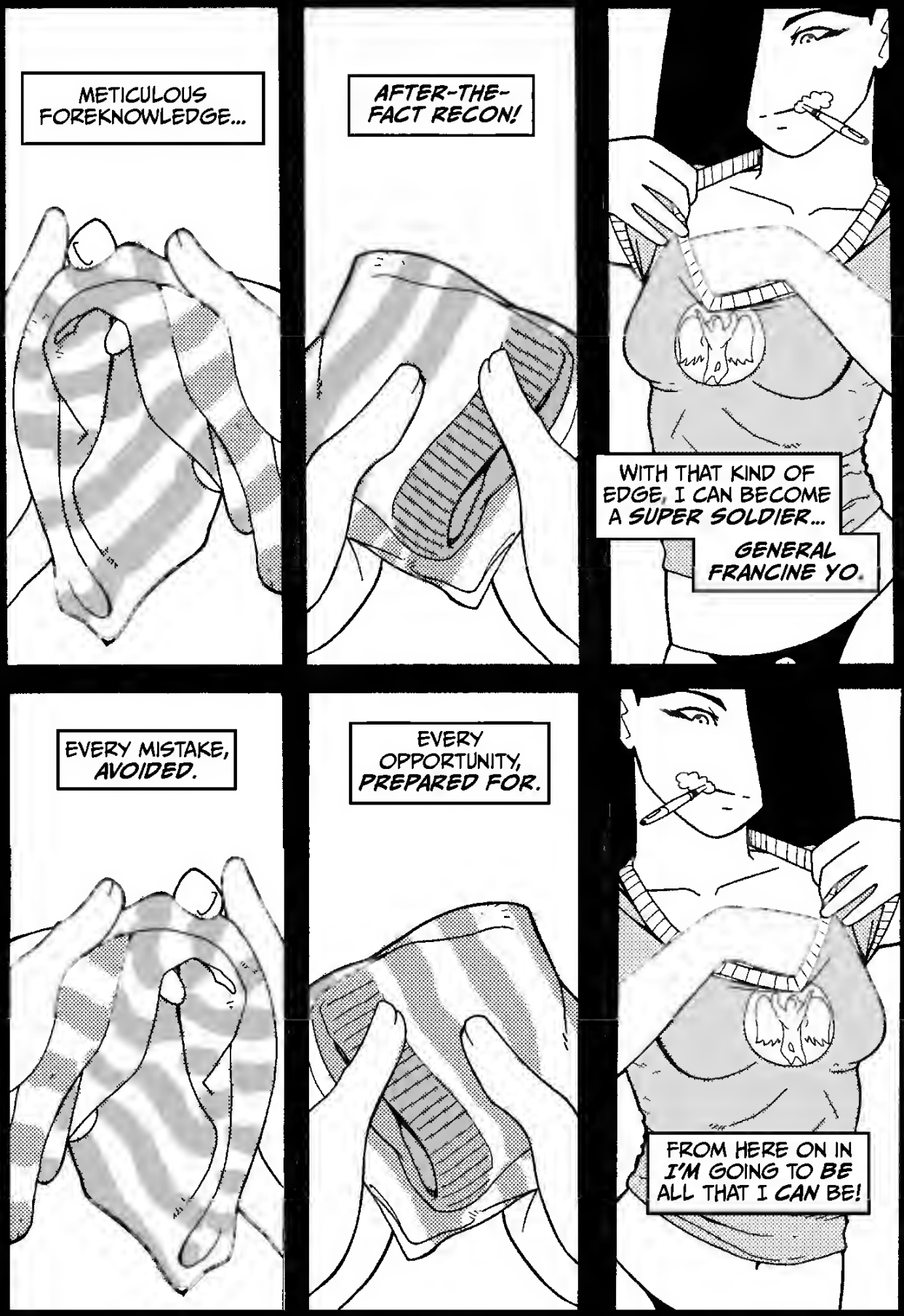
PRINCIPAL
JOHN GENERAL
I'M...I'M SORRY FOR MY BEING SO *BRUSQUE* EARLIER. YOU SEE YOU TOOK ME UNAWARES AND I WAS... ERM...JUST CONCERNED FOR THE SAFETY OF MY *STUDENTS*. USUALLY I RATHER ENJOY A VISIT FROM CIVILI...ERM...MEMBERS FROM THE *SURROUNDING* COMMUNITY.
I'M SORRY, WHAT CHAIN-OF-COMMAND DID YOU SAY YOU FOLLOWED, MRS...?
SMITH. *MISS* SMITH.
AND I'M A *STATE MANDATED* YOUTH PSYCHOLOGIST.
YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME *THAT* EASILY.
AIR BORNE
SPECIAL FORCES

PRIVATE SCHOOL NEVER REGISTERED THEIR CURRICULUM WITH THE SCHOOL BOARD.
WE HAVE RECORDS OF STRAIGHT ZEROS ON THE REGENTS AND ALL OTHER STATE EXAMS.
AND AN INSULATED STUDENT BODY THAT NEVER SEEMS TO LEAVE CAMPUS.
NOT TO MENTION STUDENTS LIKE HENRY HERE, WHO APPEAR TO BE COMPLETELY SOCIALLY MALADJUSTED.
CONSIDER YOURSELF OFFICIALLY ON PROBATION, PRINCIPAL. I'LL BE KEEPING MY EYE ON YOU.
SHAPE UP...OR I'M SHIPPING YOU OUT!
?!

YOOOOOOOOOO!
THIS DOUBLE-DUTY IS KILLING ME. THIS HAS BECOME BASIC TRAINING PLUS HIGH SCHOOL. AND I BARELY SURVIVED BOTH OF THOSE THE FIRST TIME AROUND!
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WORKING YOUR ASS OFF, DEBBIE!
I KNOW...BUT BETWEEN THE EXTRA COURSE-LOAD AND ALL THESE JARHEADS, FLYBOYS, AND EVERY OTHER SERVICEMAN...UM... FLIRTING WITH ME, I'M A TOTAL MESS!
WELL, YOU'VE GOT NO ONE TO BLAME FOR THAT BUT YOURSELF.
...OH...STOP IT WITH THE HOI-PALLOI COY.

HELL'S *THAT* S'UPPOSE MEAN?!
YOU'RE JUST *CRANKY* BECAUSE *YOU'RE* NOT SEEING ANY ACTION IN THE BUSH. WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU GOT SOME ASS?
THIS ISN'T *REALLY* HIGH SCHOOL, DEBBIE. THERE'S A HIGHER PURPOSE THAN "GETTING ASS."
IF YOU SAY SO...
SO WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO? CHANGE THE WORLD WITHOUT CHANGING OURSELVES?
NOW WE CAN DO IT *RIGHT*. *RE*-TRAIN. *RE*-MAKE OURSELVES WITH THE BENEFIT OF HINDSIGHT. A SECOND CHANCE TO GROW UP WITHOUT MAKING THE SAME MISTAKES. WITHOUT MISSING OPPORTUNITIES...
OPPORTUNITIES TO GRAB ASS?
HA!
EVEN IF I *WANTED* TO, I DON'T HAVE THE DOUBLE-D MAN MAGNETS THAT YOU DO.
I'M PRETTY SURE THAT AFTER GUYS GROW UP A LITTLE THEY'RE NOT EVEN INTO BIG ONES. IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE IN *HIGH SCHOOL* ANYMO--


AH-HA!
BUT IT *IS* HIGH SCHOOL ALL OVER AGAIN!
I BEGIN TO SEE WITH *CLARITY*... IT ALL BECOMES AS *CLEAR* AS *DAY*.
YOU'RE HOPELESS.
A BIG FREAKIN' DO-OVER. FACING THE CRUCIBLE WITH EYES WIDE OPEN THIS TIME.


METICULOUS FOREKNOWLEDGE...
AFTER-THE-FACT RECON!
WITH THAT KIND OF EDGE, I CAN BECOME A SUPER SOLDIER...
GENERAL FRANCINE YO.
EVERY MISTAKE, AVOIDED.
EVERY OPPORTUNITY, PREPARED FOR.
FROM HERE ON IN I'M GOING TO BE ALL THAT I CAN BE!

I'M FUCKING SUPER-FLY!
?
YO, I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD BE CARRYING MORE THAN THE STANDARD ISSUE AND BESIDES...
...THE LAST THING YOU NEED ARE THOSE THINGS FLYING IN YOUR FACE IN THE MIDDLE OF AN OPERATION.
I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND! I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU CAN'T BE SUPPORTIVE!
UGH! IT'S YOU WHO DOESN'T GET IT...

...YOU'VE GOT IT MADE HERE AT PRIVATE SCHOOL.
WHAT?!
THE HELL YOU FIGURE THAT?!

FIRST OF ALL, I WAS TRYING TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF HERE AT PRIVATE SCHOOL...
THIS AFTERNOON WITH BRYCE WAS...A SLIP UP. AND SECOND, WELL... YOU'RE NOT. YOU'VE PROBABLY BEEN THE SAME BY-THE-BOOK SQUARE SINCE BIRTH.
SPLASH!
ONE, THIS AFTERNOON WITH BRYCE I'D CALL A SLIP IN!
TWO, PRINCIPAL MADE YOU THE CHEERLEADER FOR CHRISSAKES! PRIVATE SCHOOL HAD YOU PEGGED AS "EASY ASS" FROM THE VERY BEGINNING. HELL, THEY PROBABLY THOUGHT IT'D BE GREAT FOR MORALE.
THREE, MY PAST SERVICE RECORD IS IMPECCABLE. I DON'T NEED TO CHANGE BECAUSE I'VE KICKED ASS SINCE BASIC TRAINING.
AND I'LL ADD A FOURTH ONE, GOD FORBID IF YOU EVER CHALLENGED YOURSELF--

YOU THINK IT'S SO EASY!? NOT ALL OF US GET THE CHERRY ROLES LIKE YOURS!
OH, SO SORRY! ME SO SORRY! ME CHINESE AND ME SO GOOD AT MATHS: "ONE," "TWO," "THREE," "FOUR"! LOOK AT ME! ME CHINESEY!
PRINCIPAL CAST ME AS THE STRAIGHT-A STUDENT, NOT SOME IGNORANT ASIAN F.O.B. STEREOTYPE.
SAME DIFFERENCE.

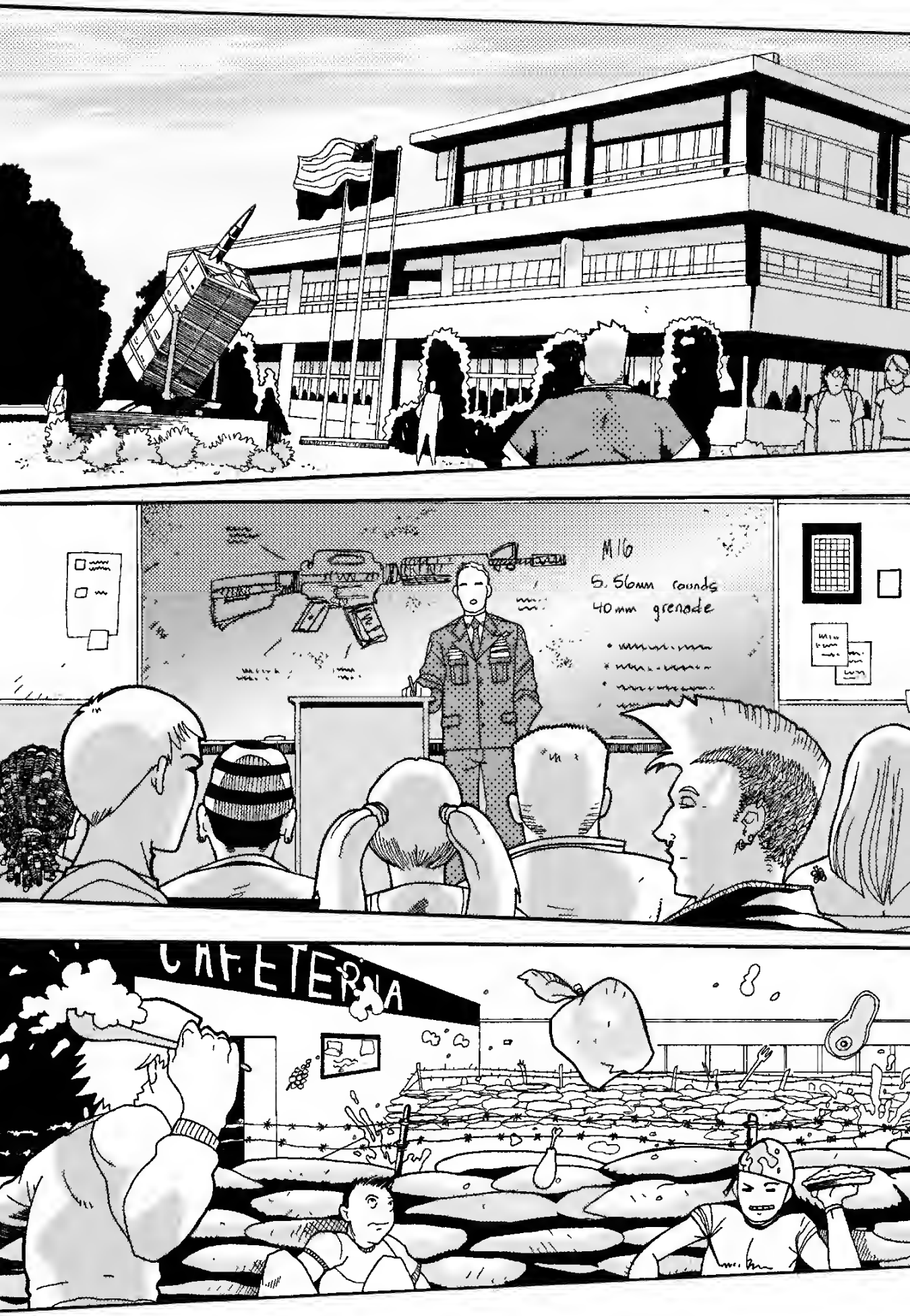
SLAM
SPLASH

YARG!
HA!
WHAM!

AAAAARGGG!!

I'M SORRY, YO-YO.
DON'T WORRY. WE'LL FIGURE IT ALL OUT SOON.

CHAPTER 3:
COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE


M16
5.56mm rounds
40mm grenade
CAFETERIA

EMERGENCY ONLY

FRAG
TEAR
MEGA DEATHS
WORLD TARGETS
killing with one finger
BIOLOGY
TACTICS

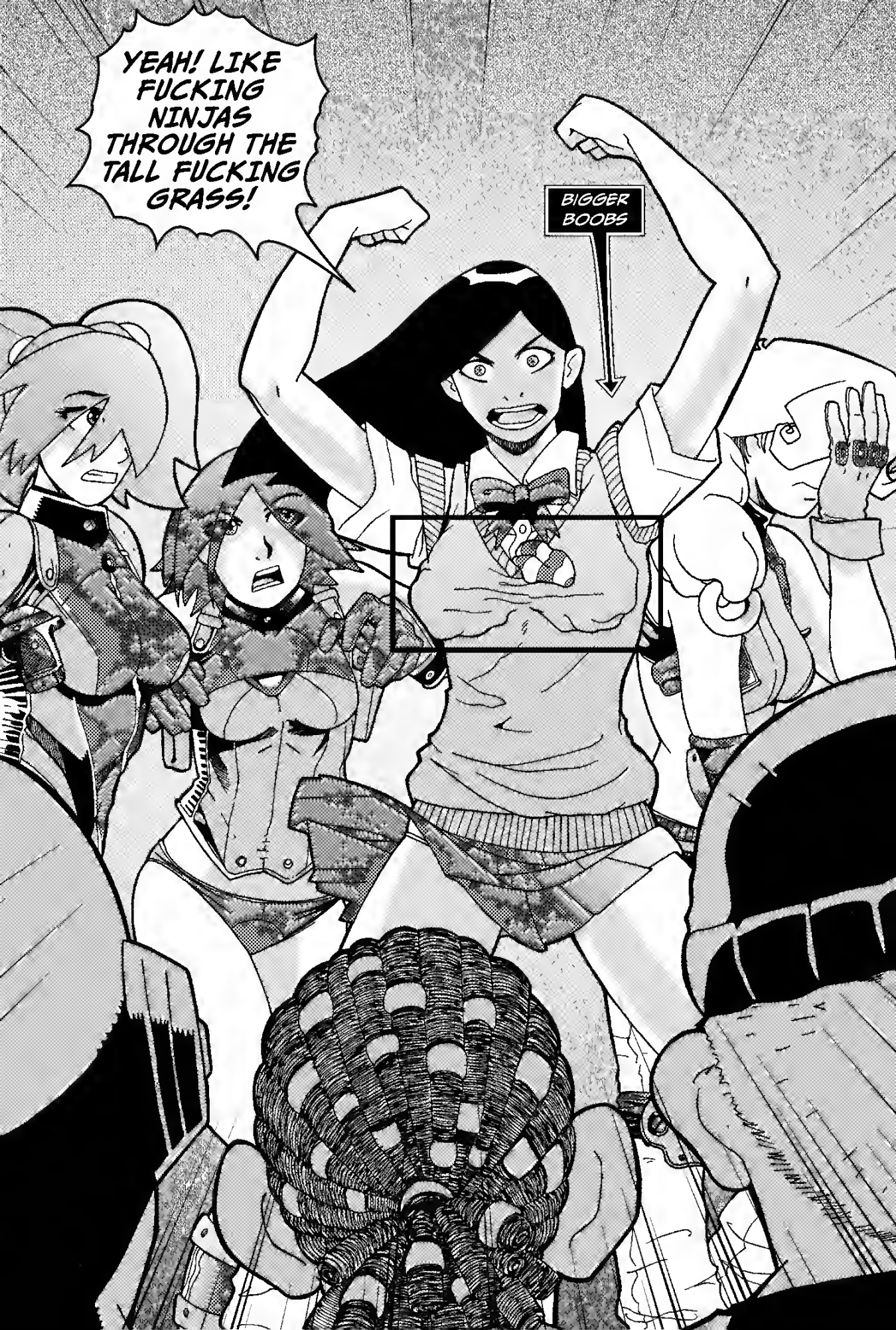
zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz...
OPERATIONS UNIFORM
KI-AM!

YO! DROP YOUR COCK AND GRAB YOUR SOCK! MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!
HUH...? STUDY... HAD TO WAKE UP... NEED...I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT THE FUTURE...
GAK!

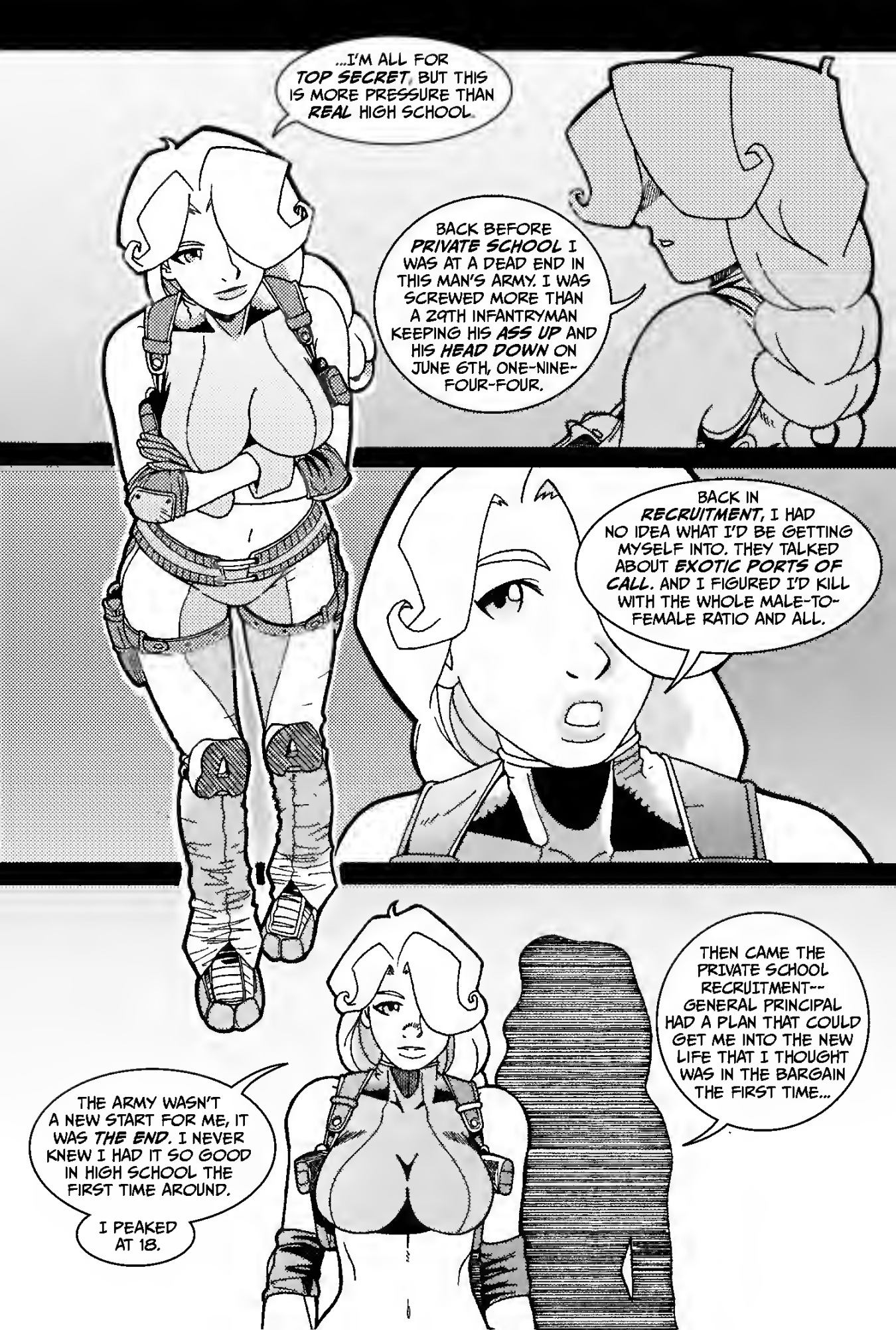
LOOK ALIVE, SOLDIER!
THIS IS NOT A DRILL...
SCHOOL UNIFORM
...SCHOOL IS OUT!
008
007

WHAT THE FUCK?!
THE CIVILIAN OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE HAS CAUGHT US WITH OUR PANTS DOWN! WE NEED TO COVER OUR TRACKS.
MISS SMITH. THE GENERAL BLEW HIS BALLS OFF WHEN SHE COMPROMISED THE PERIMETER.
WHAT THE FUCK?!!
EVERYTHING IS FUBAR.
TONIGHT, WE'RE GOING TO RE-WRITE A LITTLE HISTORY!
WE'RE GOING TO BUST INTO THE SCHOOL BOARD'S PERMANENT RECORDS AND DOCTOR THEM UP, SO THAT PRIVATE SCHOOL DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A BUNCH OF FUCK-UPS.
C'MON GUYS... WHATHEFUCK?!
SCHOOL
BUS STOP
SSHHH...
HERE COMES THE BUS.

OKAY... THE GENERAL GAVE THE ORDER TO GO *HOT*. THIS IS THE REAL DEAL. THIS IS THE *BIG GO*.
HEH, WILCO.
CHECK.
R-ROGER THAT!
WE'RE HERE TO EARN OUR STRIPES. THERE IS ZERO TOLERANCE FOR FAILURE. THE FUTURE AND SECURITY OF *PRIVATE SCHOOL* IS ON THE LINE.
WE'RE GOING TO BE IN AND OUT OF THERE LIKE FUCKING *NINJAS* THROUGH THE *TALL GRASS*.


YEAH! LIKE FUCKING NINJAS THROUGH THE TALL FUCKING GRASS!
BIGGER BOOBS

OKAY...
YOU ALL GOT THE MISSION PARAMETERS--WE'RE GOING TO PUT IT TO THE PERMANENT RECORDS--BUMP THE GPA'S AND STANDARDIZED TEST SCORES TO PASSING LEVELS. THAT SHOULD GET SMITH'S CIVILIAN REVIEW OUT FROM UP OUR ASSHOLE.
INTEL ON THE SCHOOL BOARD'S HALL OF RECORDS IS NIL. WE'RE SCRAMBLING WITHOUT RECON--GET IN HACK THE MAINFRAME THEN DI DI MAO.
I HAND-PICKED THIS STRIKE TEAM. YOUR BACKGROUNDS REPRESENT EXPERTISE AND ASS-KICKING ACROSS THE BOARD AND USABLE IN ANY COMBAT EVENTUALITY.
WE'LL BE BACK IN NO TIME AND BE ALL NEW YOUS.
Private School is getting crazier by the minute...


...I'M ALL FOR TOP SECRET, BUT THIS IS MORE PRESSURE THAN REAL HIGH SCHOOL.
BACK BEFORE PRIVATE SCHOOL I WAS AT A DEAD END IN THIS MAN'S ARMY. I WAS SCREWED MORE THAN A 29TH INFANTRYMAN KEEPING HIS ASS UP AND HIS HEAD DOWN ON JUNE 6TH, ONE-NINE-FOUR-FOUR.
BACK IN RECRUITMENT, I HAD NO IDEA WHAT I'D BE GETTING MYSELF INTO. THEY TALKED ABOUT EXOTIC PORTS OF CALL. AND I FIGURED I'D KILL WITH THE WHOLE MALE-TO-FEMALE RATIO AND ALL.
THEN CAME THE PRIVATE SCHOOL RECRUITMENT-- GENERAL PRINCIPAL HAD A PLAN THAT COULD GET ME INTO THE NEW LIFE THAT I THOUGHT WAS IN THE BARGAIN THE FIRST TIME...
THE ARMY WASN'T A NEW START FOR ME, IT WAS THE END. I NEVER KNEW I HAD IT SO GOOD IN HIGH SCHOOL THE FIRST TIME AROUND.
I PEAKED AT 18.

Name:
Debbie Doll
Code Name:
Grunt
Military
Specialty:
Marine Infantry
Favorite PS
Subject:
Cheerleading
Squad Practice.
"...IT WAS LIKE I HAD WAITED MY WHOLE LIFE FOR THAT MOMENT."
SO, WHAT'S THE REPORT SAY ON THIS FIRST CANDIDATE?
ABOVE AVERAGE MARKS ACROSS THE BOARD--MARKSMANSHIP, HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT, AN EXPERT IN ARTILLERY MAINTENANCE. SHE'S GOT IT ALL, AND IN SPADES TOO.
THEN WHAT'S PRIVATE DEBORAH DOLL DOING STATIONED IN HERE? IT'S ALMOST CIVILIAN!
MAYBE IT'S JUST UNCLE SAM SMILING DOWN ON US. OR MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE SHE'S A GIRL.
NO OFFENSE, BLACK, BUT MOST WOMEN AREN'T CUT FROM THE SAME CAMOUFLAGE AS YOU.
GIMME THAT FILE AND STOP GIVIN' ME THAT CRAP.
UGH! DAMMIT, YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT! IT SAYS HERE SHE'S ASSIGNED TO A DESK JOB.

GENERAL PRINCIPAL, I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU'RE HERE TO TAKE A *LOOK* AT ONE OF OUR SOLDIERS?
YES. *PRIVATE DEBORAH DOLL.*
IF I CAN BE FRANK, OFFICER, HER COUNTRY *NEEDS* HER.
JACKSON
WELL...I GUESS YOU KNOW BEST *YOUR OWN* MISSION PARAMETERS.
I WOULDN'T CALL THE PRIVATE THE MOST...*FIT*... FOR COMBAT.
SHE'S *ALL YOURS*, AS FAR AS *I'M* CONCERNED.
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TRANSFER HER OFF THE BASE FOR *MONTHS*. SHE'S BEEN BROUGHT UP ON MULTIPLE COUNTS OF CONDUCT UNBECOMING AN OFFICER.
UM...THAT'S WHY THE *COURT MARTIAL* FAILED TO DISCHARGE HER. YOU SEE, PRIVATE DOLL IS MORE THE...SHALL WE SAY... *"INITIATING FACTOR"*--OR FUSE--THAT SETS OFF SUCH UNBECOMING CONDUCT IN *OTHER* OFFICERS.
REALLY? CONDUCT UNBECOMING AN OFFICER?
...I WAS UNAWARE THAT *PRIVATE* DOLL HAD ATTAINED AN *OFFICER'S RANK*.
YOU COULD SAY SHE'S A REAL *BOMBSHELL*.

I ASSIGNED HER TO THE OLD MAN'S PERSONAL SECRETARY. IT SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN KEEPING DEBBIE OUT OF *TROUBLE*--
GAH...!
THUD!
OW!

UM...YESSIR! HERE SIR. HERE'S THAT WASTEPAPER BASKET YOU WERE LOOKING FOR.
OH! AH, YES! UH...THANKS, PRIVATE DOLL.
OK, THEN. NOW THAT EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER...
...ERM... CARRY ON?

WE'RE JUST HERE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS...
SURE! NO PROBLEM!
THIS IS SERIOUS, DEBBIE! NOT SOME KINDA UNDER-THE-TABLE GAME...
STAND AT ATTENTION!
ATTENTION!
DOLL
DOLL
PLANG!

WORD AROUND THE BASE IS THAT YOU DO ALL THE WORK IN THE BARRACKS. IT'S THERE WHERE YOU *GRUNT* IT OUT...AND YOU'RE NOT FIT FOR THE RIFLE!
SIR! YES, SIR!
UM... I MEAN... NO, SIR?
SIR!
THE *MARINE CORPS* IS *HARDCORE!* WHEN THE GOING GETS *TOUGH*, I GO FOR THE *RIFLE*, AND--
SO YOU WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED IN A TRANSFER OFF THIS BASE TO A TOP SECRET TRAINING FACILITY?
THE MARINE CORPS, HUH?
SEMPER FI OR DIE!
AND KISS THESE LAME-ASS JARHEADS GOODBYE?
YOU BET I'M IN.

AND HERE I AM...
...IN.
THIS IS TOTALLY *THE* PLACE TO BE, DEBBIE!
WE ROCK LIKE A FIREWORKS PARTY ON THE TET OFFENSIVE.
I'M NOT *OFFENDED*, I JUST DON'T WANT TO *BLOW* IT LIKE I DID IN REAL HIGH SCHOOL.
NAH! THIS *ISN'T* REAL HIGH SCHOOL.
BESIDES, I HAD SUCH A BREEZE IN HIGH SCHOOL...IT WAS SO EASY I COULD LITERALLY BLOW IT OUT MY ASS IF I HAD TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN...
NO, THIS IS THE *NEXT EVOLUTION*... FROM THIS FLIGHT DECK, THE NEXT STOP IS *ADMIRAL!*
YOU MEAN *REAR ADMRIAL*...
...AND I THINK IT TAKES OFF FROM THE *POOP DECK*.
WHO...

"...THE FUCK SAID THAT!"
WE REALLY HIT THE JACKPOT WITH THIS ONE, SALLY...
Name: Francine Yo
Code Name: Tsunami
Military Specialty: Navy S.E.A.L.
Favorite PS Subject: Math
YOU'RE RIGHT, GENERAL. ALL ACES. CRAP--SHE EVEN GRADUATED HIGH SCHOOL AT 15. THE HIGHEST MARKS AT ANNAPOLIS, AND A NAVY S.E.A.L. AT THE TENDER AGE OF 23.
23!? SHE BARELY LOOKS 15!
THAT'S THE POINT.
OH, YEAH... RIGHT...

...WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT THE GIRL CAN DO.
Hey, sweet thing!
She so horny!
This one'll love you long time...

CHECK OUT THE FRESH 'TANG!
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY, "IF THERE'S GRASS ON THE FIELD..."
WOW! HEY-- IS SHE EVEN *OLD ENOUGH* TO KNOW WHAT SHE'S DOING?

SO, SISTER... DO YOU PLAY BALL?
OH, YEAH.
HOT HOT HOT!
HUH? WHAT'S SHE GOT THERE?
SHIT!

BLAM
BLAM!
BLAM!
TELL YOUR BOSSES--THEY'RE *OUT* OF THE GUN BUSINESS.
LET'S SHOW HER WHAT WE'VE BEEN *PACKING!*
GET THE BITCH!

EYYYYAAAAAA!
WHAM!
Mmmph!

OKAY, I GIVE HANDSOME DOWN HERE TWO MINUTES BEFORE HE PASSES OUT DUE TO *LACK OF OXYGEN*...
Nnnq?!
MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME TO *RIP* THE REST OF YOU *A NEW ONE!*
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
DAMN! THIS FEELS *GREAT!*

I MEAN...UH... YEAH...SUCCEEDING IN THE MISSION FEELS GOOD...
...DAMN GOOD.
MESS WITH THE BEST, DIE LIKE THE REST.

THAT... WAS HOT.
QUITE A SHOW YOU PUT ON, OFFICER YO.
WHAT IF WE COULD PUT YOU IN A PLACE WHERE YOU COULD EXPAND YOUR IMPRESSIVE TALENTS. RAISE YOURSELF TO A NEW LEVEL.
Y'KNOW...
...BE ALL THAT YOU CAN BE.
WHAT? ARE YOU SOME KIND OF RECRUITERS?!
YO, I HAVE A PROPOSITION FOR YOU...

SO HERE I AM NOW...FLYING HIGH.
UGH! MY RECRUITMENT WAS A NIGHTMARE, LET ME TELL YOU. IT IS SO HARD ON US GIRLS—
I'LL SAY.
HEY...YOU KNOW WHAT? WE SHOULD ALL GO ROUND AND AND ROUND TELLING THE STORY OF HOW WE GOT HERE.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, MAURICE? I BET YOU HAVE A REAL INTERESTING STORY...
WELL, I JOINED THE ARMY FOR THE GI BILL—YOU KNOW, TO PAY FOR COLLEGE. WHEN PRIVATE SCHOOL CAME RECRUITING—NOW THAT'S AN INTEREST—
YEAH! THAT IS INTERESTING MAURICE.
NOW SEE IF THIS COMES IN LOUD AND CLEAR...
I WAS ENLISTED INTO A TOP SECRET SUPER SOLDIER EXPERIMENT.
TOO BIG FOR THE ARMY...
...THE NAVY...
...THE AIR FORCE...

Name: BRYCE P. COLEMAN
Code Name: CAPTAIN AMERICA
Military Specialty: Coast Guard Seaman
Favorite PS Subject: GYM
"...AND THE MARINES WERE JUST TOO PUSSY."
SOMEWHERE DEEP WITHIN THE IRON BELLY OF A COAST GUARD CRUISER— WITHIN 12 MILES OF OCEAN THAT SURROUNDS THE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
69
COAST GUARD
TO PROTECT THE PUBLIC, ENVIRONMENT, AND ECONOMIC INTERESTS IN ANY MARITIME ENVIRONMENT.
THE AMERICAN COAST IS THE LAST LINE OF DEFENSE.
AND THANKS TO REAL AMERICAN HEROES, THE COAST IS CLEAR.
...A THIRD GENERATION COAST GUARDSMAN. LIKE THE OTHER COLEMANS BEFORE ME, I DO MY PART IN PROTECTING U.S. COASTAL WATERS.

IT'S WHERE ALL THE ACTION IS NOWADAYS. ILLEGAL DRUG RUNNING RUINING THE LIVES OF AMERICAN YOUTH, UNDOCUMENTED IMMIGRANTS STEALING AMERICAN JOBS AND ERODING OUR ECONOMIC STRENGTH...
...
BASTARDS.
COASTGUARDSMAN BRYCE P. COLEMAN...
ARE YOU READY TO BE ALL THAT YOU CAN BE?
I WAS BORN READY!

WHEELS AND AWESOME MACHINATIONS WHIR INTO ACTION...
...AND BORN OF THIS MAD SCIENCE OR AMERICAN INGENUITY IS A UNITED STATES LIVING LEGEND!
URRGGH!
NUTRI-BEAMS CRACKLE AND IRRADIATE...
...A CHEMICAL CONCOCTION OF WARRIOR JUICES FLOW...
THE YOUNG SEAMAN CAN FEEL THE PRESSURE BUILDING...
...HIS BODY IS GOING THROUGH CHANGES...
NNNNNG!
...INTENSE CHANGES...
...BECOMING MAN AND MORE THAN MAN.
MORE THAN HERO...
...SUPERHERO!

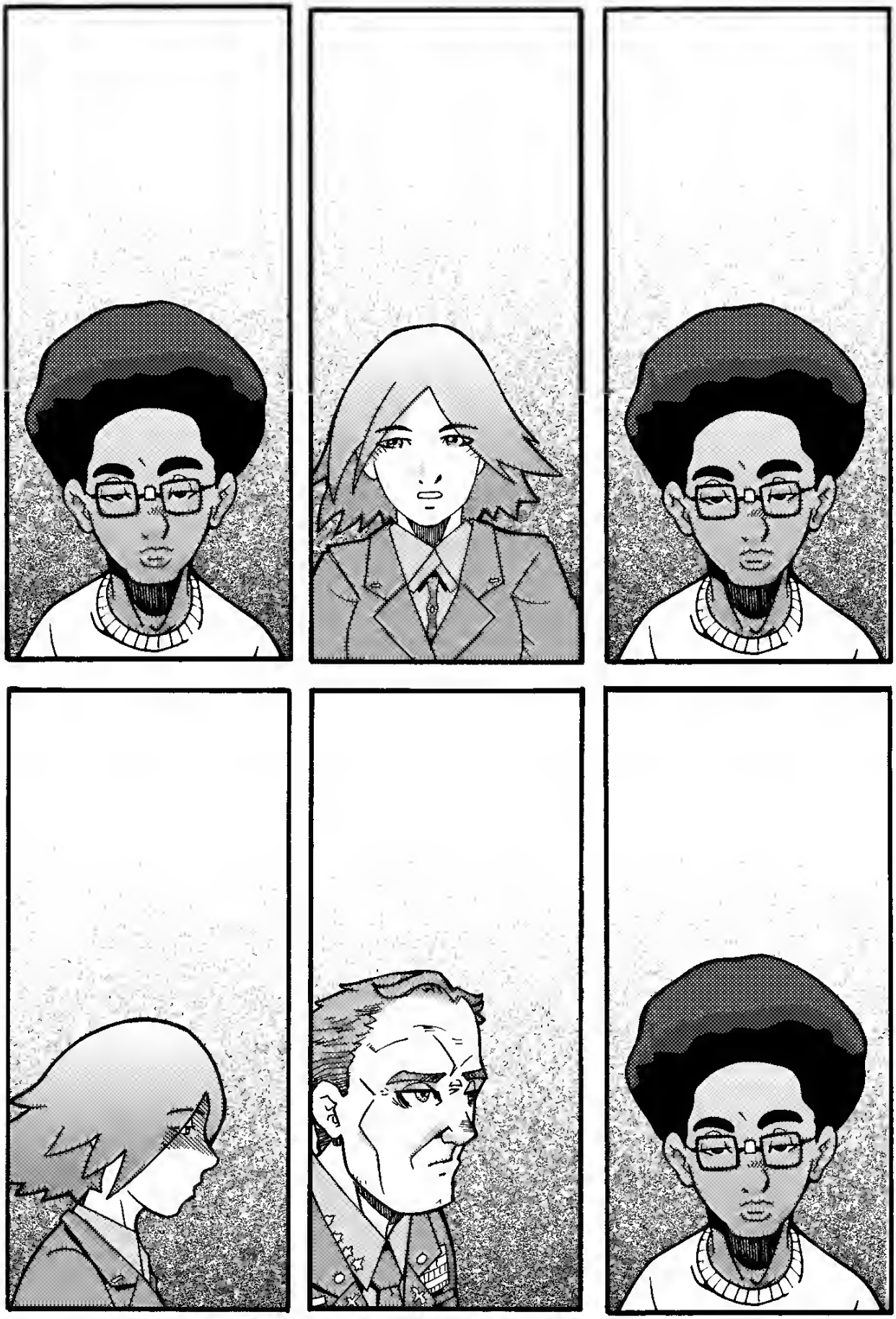
FOR CONSTITUTION.
FOR COUNTRY.
FOR COAST GUARD.

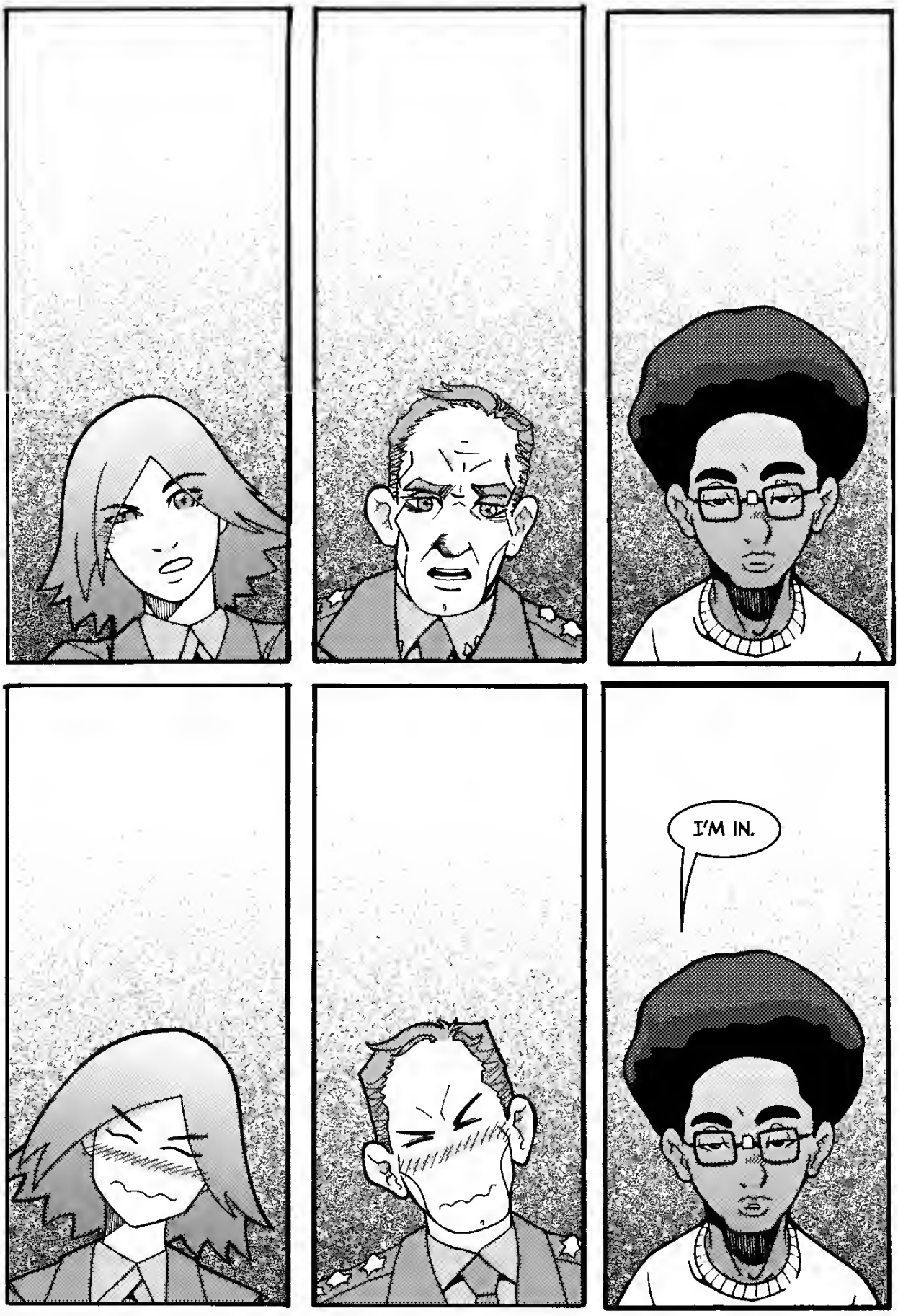
I AM AMERICA!

COASTGUARDSMAN BRYCE P. COLEMAN, YOUR MISSION IS TO PROTECT AND DEFEND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
FROM THREATS FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC...WELL, MOSTLY DOMESTIC... AND...UM...NOT REALLY "THREATS"...
SO HELP ME GOD.

WAIT A MINUTE! I'M CALLING *BULLSHIT!*
TALK ABOUT LIVING A TOTAL *FANTASY...*
SO...

Name: HENRY SWANSON
Code Name: C0UNT_ CH0CUL@
Military Specialty: Psy Ops
Favorite PS Subject: Psychology
...SPEAKING OF LIVING IN YOUR OWN REALITY...




I'M IN.

OKAY, LADIES...
....LET'S GET FOCUSED ON THE HERE AND NOW.
WE'RE HERE TO PULL A FAST ONE WITH OUR PERMANENT RECORDS.
IN AND OUT. NICE AND CLEAN.
NINJAS IN THE TALL GRASS.
THE GENERAL INSISTED ON THIS HERE FAILSAFE.
AN ADVANCE TEAM OF CADETS HAS SET A SCHOOL BUS LOAD OF C-4 AROUND THE BOARD OF EDUCATION'S EXTERIOR PERIMETER...
...MY ORDERS ARE TO BLOW IT ALL SKY HIGH IF THIS INSERTION STRIKEFORCE FAILS.
BUT THERE ARE NO FAILING GRADES WHEN IT COMES TO PRIVATE SCHOOL!
DEATH FROM ABOVE!

Hall
of
Permanent Records

...I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S A POST-MODERN FORT KNOX.
THIS IS CRAZY...THIS IS CRAZY!
LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE IN THERE, I WONDER—
YO!
TEST SC
MATH
READING
WRITING
Melissa Sweet 39 27 24 32
Debbie Doll 18 20 21 15
Francine YO 49 33 34 41
Sally Black 32 39 42 39
Bryce P. Coleman 30 31 28 38
Henry Swanson 45 47 40 29
PENCIL! THEY'RE ALL RECORDED IN PENCIL.
ARE YOU CRAZY, YO?
HUH? WHA--?
...I WAS ONLY PREPARED FOR HACKING SOME COMPUTER PROTOCOLS.
WHAT ABOUT CRYPTOLOGY, I'M GOOD AT CRYPTOLOGY.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU PADDED YOUR BRA DURING A MISSION!
I'M NOT LISTENING TO YOU.
ALL WE NEED IS AN ERASER. THIS CAN BE FIXED...C'MON, IT'S EASY!
ERASER! WHAT ARE WE, A STATIONARY STORE?!
DID YOU THINK WE'D WALTZ THROUGH HERE LIKE NINJAS THROUGH THE TALL GRASS?!
--THAT WAS YOUR PLAN, YES!
Still not listening
WHAT IF ONE DAY YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF AN OP— ONE DAY YOU'RE IN A WORLD OF SHIT-- AND BAM...!
JUST AN ERASER AND I CAN PUT IN ANY GRADES I WANT.
I WOULDN'T NEED THE GI BILL, SCHOOLS WOULD BE LINING UP TO GIVE ME A SCHOLARSHIP.
...YOUR BOOBS GO FLYING EVERYWHERE--!
CLACK!
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

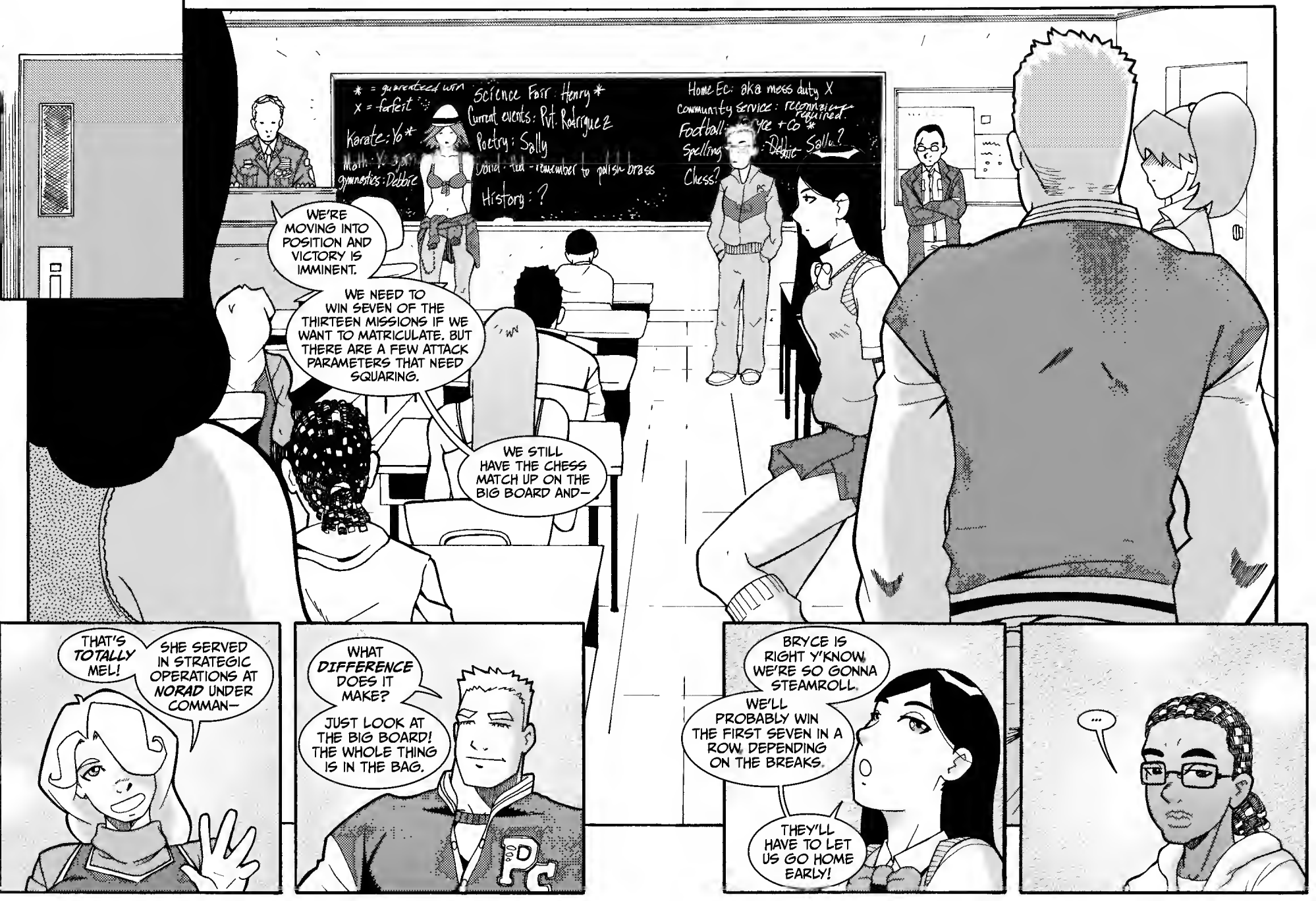
CHARLIE IN THE WIRE!
JANITOR
SECURE THE PERIMETER!
BOOM!
ABORT! WE'RE BLOWING THIS JOINT—LITERALLY!
WAIT—I JUST NEED AN ERASER.
WAIT, WHAT ABOUT MAURICE? WE WON'T LEAVE A MAN BEHIND!
HE'S LONG GONE! THERE'S NO ROOM FOR FAILURE AT THE BOARD OF EDUCATION!
I COULD BE ALL THAT I CAN BE.

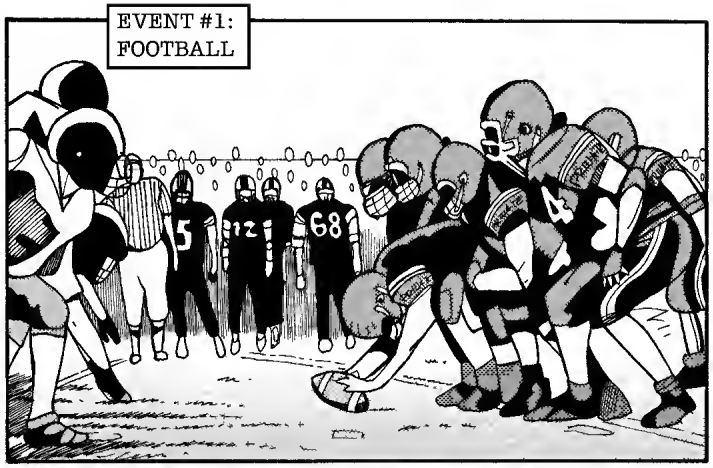
CHAPTER 4:
BOMB SHELL

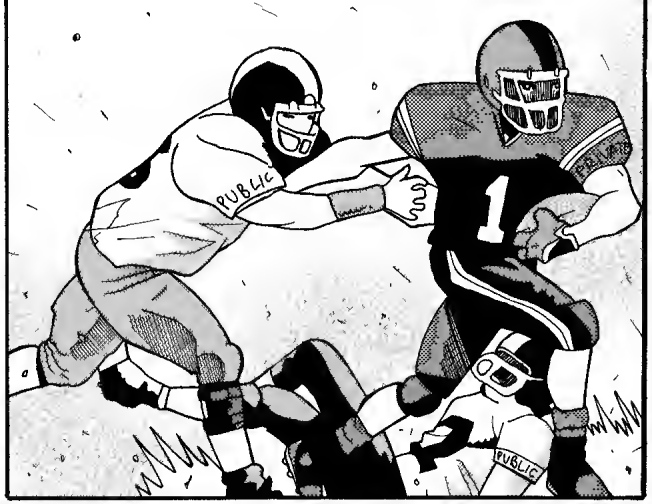
YOU WERE WARNED, PRINCIPAL.
SHAPE UP OR SHIP OUT.
BUT...
...WHAT...
...I...
...WE...
THERE WAS AN UNFORTUNATE *TRAGEDY* AT THE HALL OF PERMANENT RECORDS, BUT THESE *MIMEOGRAPH COPIES* DON'T LIE--
PRIVATE SCHOOL IS A FAILURE!
BUT...
BUT...THEY'RE TRYING! ISN'T *THAT* WHAT COUNTS MOST?
I KNOW HOW MUCH THIS MEANS TO YOU. AND I--I ADMIRE THAT YOU'RE A MAN WHO STANDS BY HIS *PRINCIPLES.*
I JUST WANT MY BOYS AND GIRLS TO HAVE A *FIGHTING CHANCE.*
LISTEN...
THERE IS A WAY WE CAN WORK THIS OUT.
A LAST DITCH OPPORTUNITY TO *PROVE YOUR PROGRAM.*

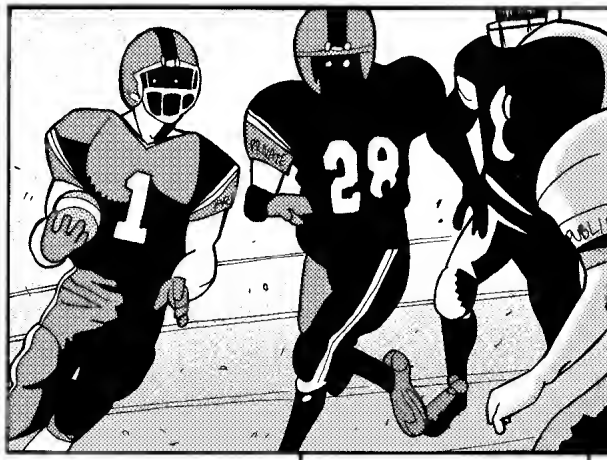
THIS IS SOME KIND OF CONTEST...A HIGH SCHOOL *WARGAME.*
I HAVE ARRANGED AN *ACADEMIC BATTLE* BETWEEN YOUR NEW *PRIVATE* SCHOOL AND THE LOCAL *PUBLIC* ONE.
THERE WILL BE ALL KINDS OF EVENTS STRESSING *BOTH* EDUCATION AND SOCIALIZATION, THE HALLMARKS OF HIGH SCHOOL! CLASSWORK, ATHLETICS, HOME ECONOMICS, COMMUNITY SERVICE—EVERYTHING WILL BE REPRESENTED.
...AND IF WE WIN?
THEN THE STATE WON'T HAVE ANY GROUNDS TO QUESTION YOUR TEACHING METHODS. YOU'LL *PASS THE TEST*, AND PRIVATE SCHOOL CAN STAY OPEN FOR BUSINESS.
DAMN.
MAY THE *BEST SCHOOL* WIN.

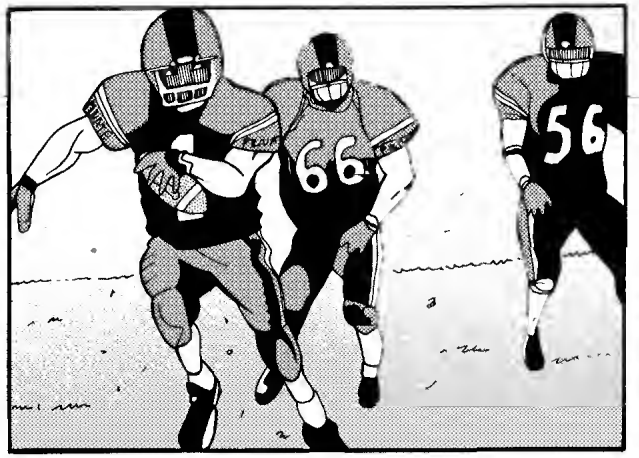
POP!
HMMM...
INTERSCHOLASTIC CHALLEN
...FUCKING-A, IT'S D-DAY!
MATH
HISTORY
GYMNASTICS
HOME ECONOMICS
COMMUNITY SERVICE
FOOTBALL
SCIENCE
CURRENT EVENTS
SPELLING BEE
CHESS
KARATE
POETRY
BAND

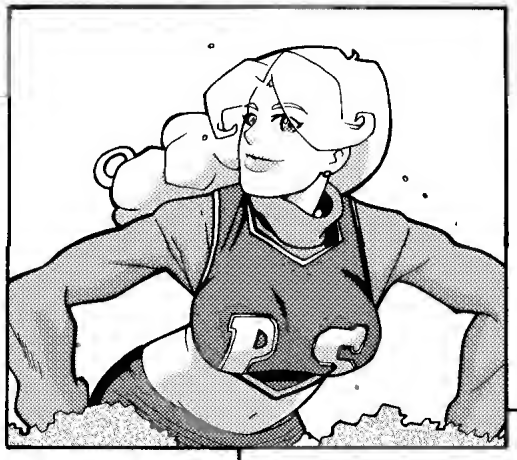

* = guaranteed win
X = forfeit
Science Fair: Henry *
Current events: Pvt. Rodriguez
Poetry: Sally
Karate: Yo *
Math: X
gymnastics: Debbie
Home Ec: aka mess duty X
Community service: recommended required.
Football: Bryce + Co *
Spelling: Debbie Sally?
Chess?
History: ?
WE'RE MOVING INTO POSITION AND VICTORY IS IMMINENT.
WE NEED TO WIN SEVEN OF THE THIRTEEN MISSIONS IF WE WANT TO MATRICULATE. BUT THERE ARE A FEW ATTACK PARAMETERS THAT NEED SQUARING.
WE STILL HAVE THE CHESS MATCH UP ON THE BIG BOARD AND—
THAT'S TOTALLY MEL!
SHE SERVED IN STRATEGIC OPERATIONS AT NORAD UNDER COMMAN—
WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?
JUST LOOK AT THE BIG BOARD! THE WHOLE THING IS IN THE BAG.
BRYCE IS RIGHT Y'KNOW WE'RE SO GONNA STEAMROLL.
WE'LL PROBABLY WIN THE FIRST SEVEN IN A ROW, DEPENDING ON THE BREAKS.
THEY'LL HAVE TO LET US GO HOME EARLY!
...

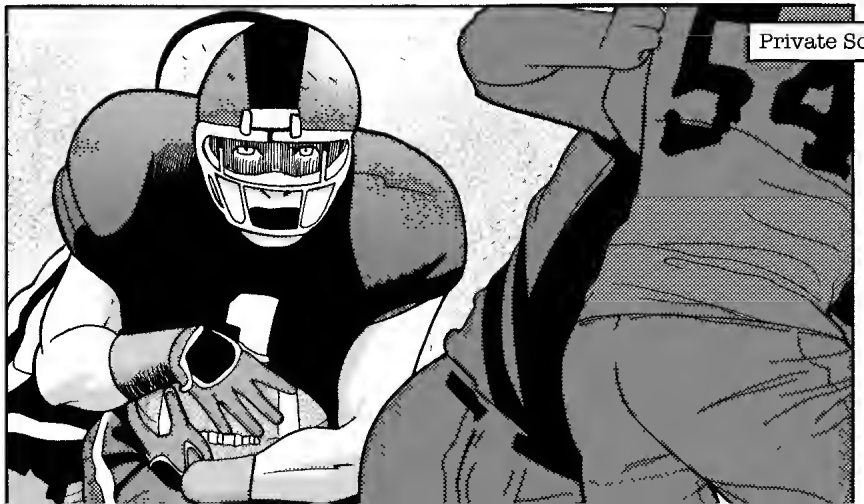




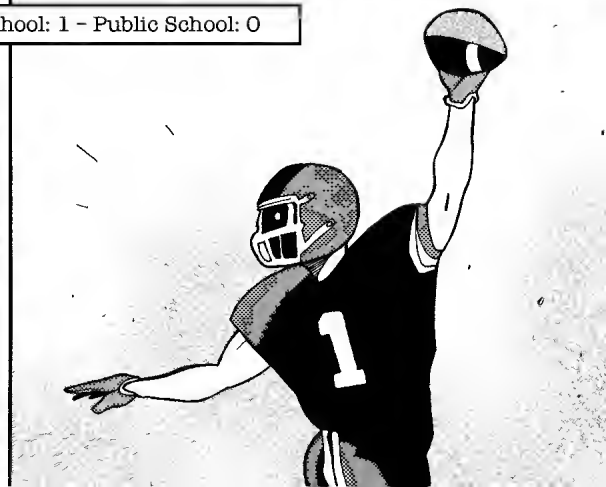


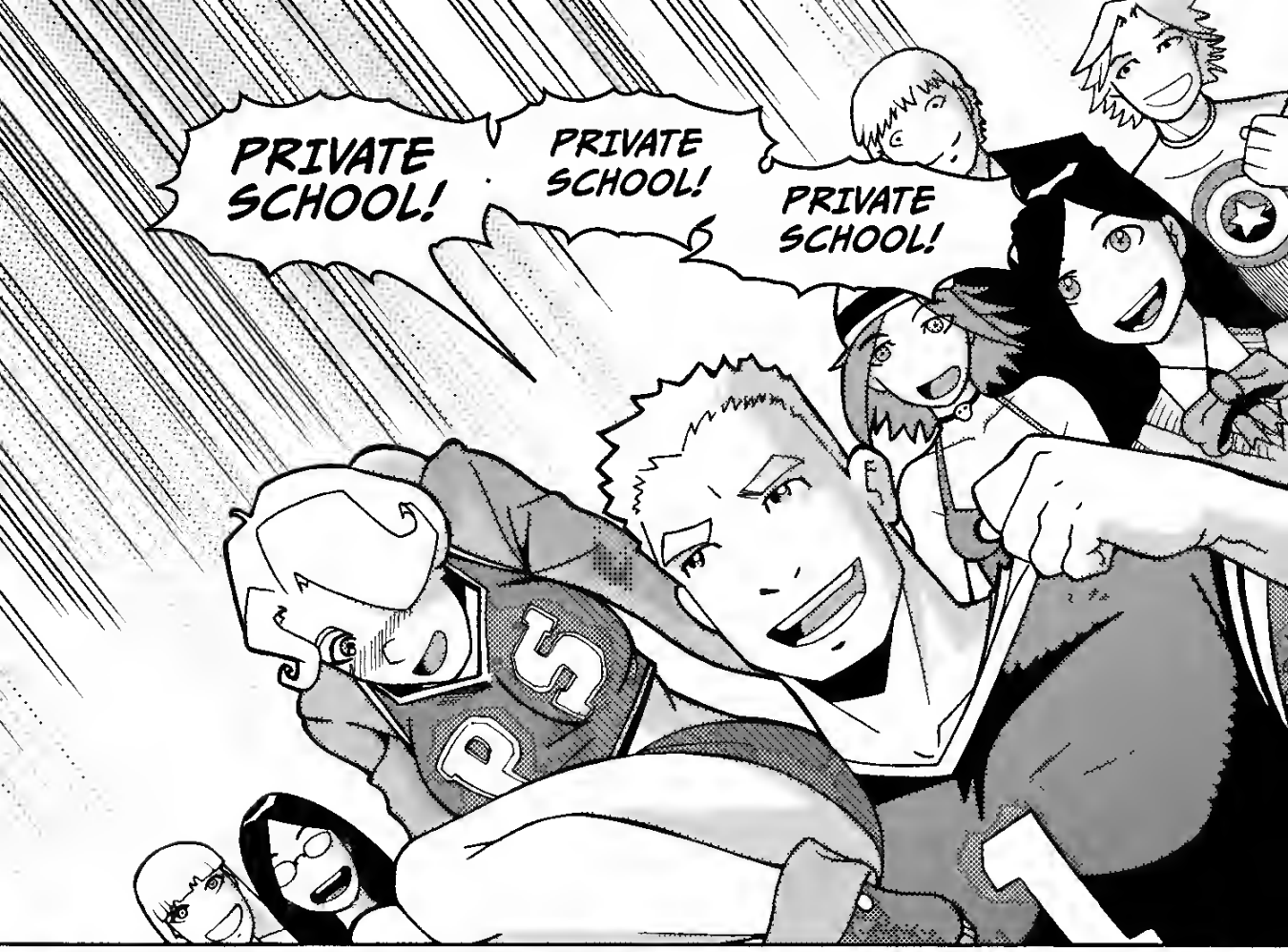






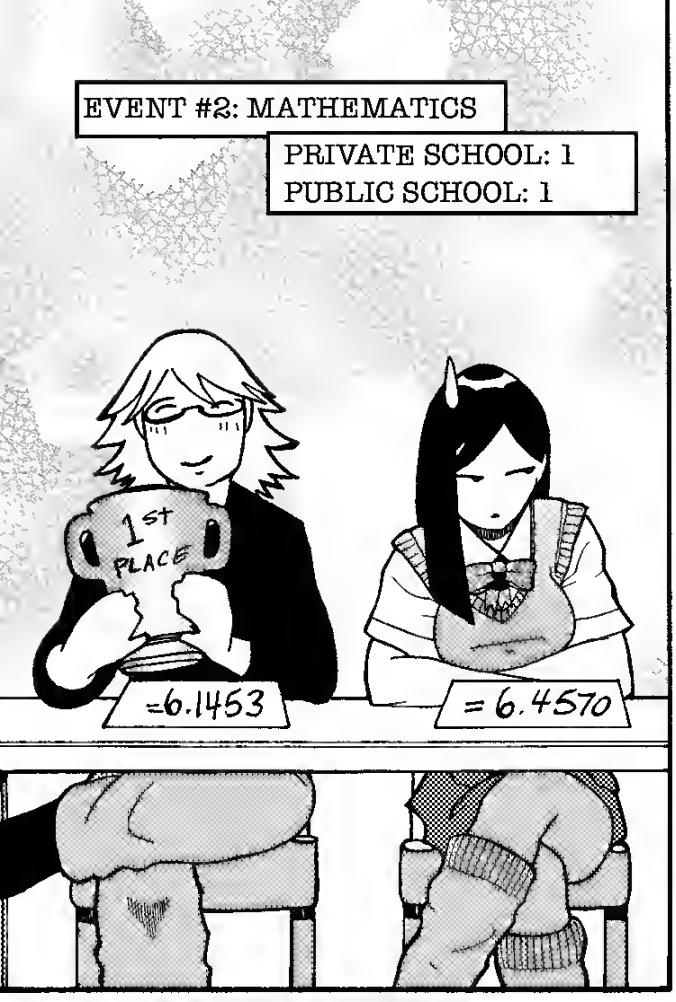
Private School: 1 - Public School: 0




PRIVATE SCHOOL!
PRIVATE SCHOOL!
PRIVATE SCHOOL!

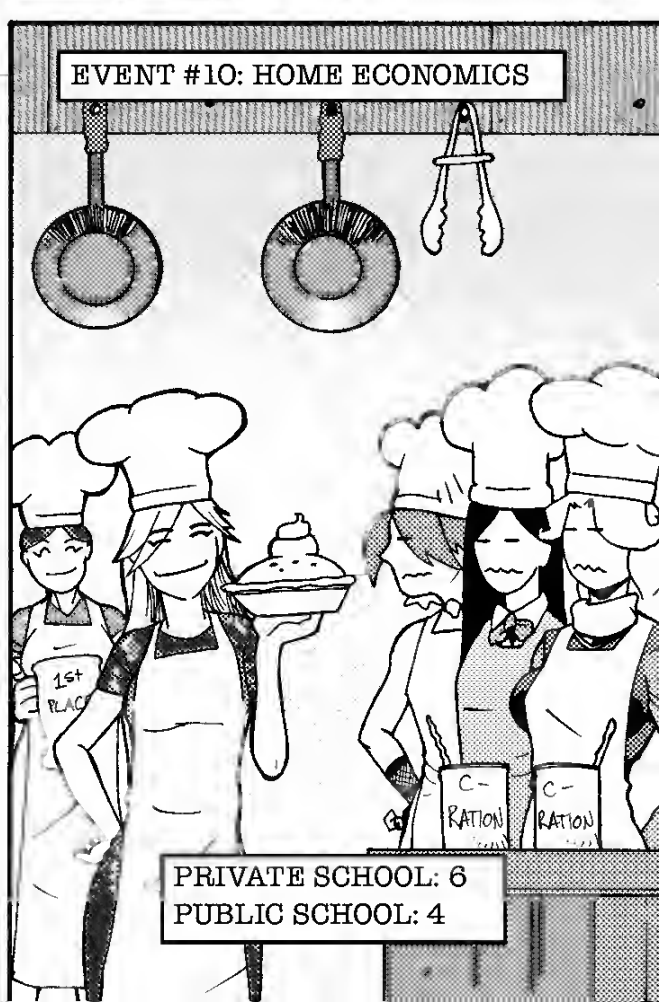
WE'LL, HERE WE ARE, PRINCIPAL. YOUR STUDENTS SEEM TO BE OFF TO AN *ENTHUSIASTIC* START.
WE'RE READY TO EAT OUR OWN GUTS TO COME IN FIRST.
COLEMAN
1

FIRST TO FIGHT FOR RIGHT AND FREEDOM...
...AND TO KEEP OUR HONOR CLEAN.
OH... WELL, WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG THEN?


EVENT #2: MATHEMATICS
PRIVATE SCHOOL: 1
PUBLIC SCHOOL: 1
1st PLACE
=6.1453
=6.4570

EVENT #6: HISTORY
WELL, IF YOU JUST WANT THE YEAR: IT'S 1588. BUT I CAN ALSO TELL YOU THE NAME OF EACH SHIP THAT WAS LOST IN THE SINKING OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.
1st PLACE
PRIVATE SCHOOL: 4
PUBLIC SCHOOL: 2

EVENT #8: SPELLING BEE
SPELL: SCRUPLES.
DAMN, THAT WORD ISN'T EVEN IN MY VOCABULARY
PRIVATE SCHOOL: 5
PUBLIC SCHOOL: 3


EVENT #10: HOME ECONOMICS
1st PLACE
C- RATION
C- RATION
PRIVATE SCHOOL: 6
PUBLIC SCHOOL: 4

EVENT #11: KARATE
ARE YOU READY FOR THIS?
THERE'S NO WAY YOU'RE GONNA LOSE TO THIS LOSER!
OKAY... I NEED YOU TO GO INTERCONTINENTAL-BALLISTIC ON THIS PUBLIC SCHOOL CHUMP.
THAT GUY OVER THERE?
YEA, THAT'S THE CHUMP.
...HE'S KINDA CUTE.
GET YOUR HEADGEAR CLEAR!
I READ YOU LOUD AND CLEAR DEBBIE!
NO QUARTER FOR THE BOYS.
JUST WAIT UNTIL HE GETS A GOOD LOOK AT THIS WAR FACE.

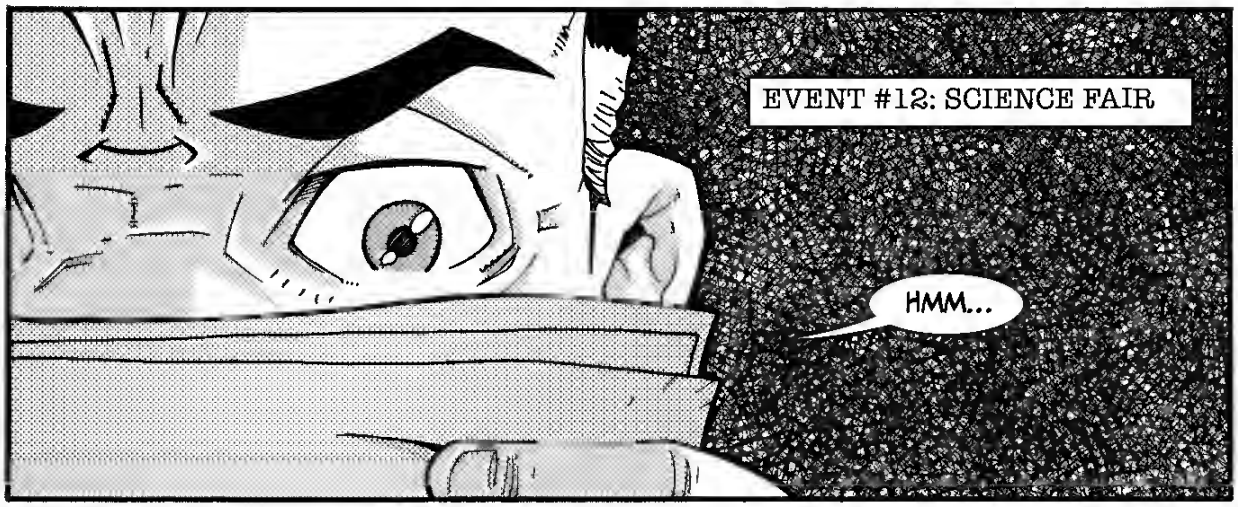
WE'LL, AT LEAST YOU DIDN'T FORGET THE BODY ARMOR.
WHAT WILL THE BOYS DO WHEN THEY GET A GOOD LOOK AT THESE?
STAND DOWN, DEBBIE.
Y'KNOW—IT'S ONLY TO GIVE ME A LITTLE CONFIDENCE BOOST.
OPPONENTS TO THE LINE!
wink
...WHAT'S HE STARING...?

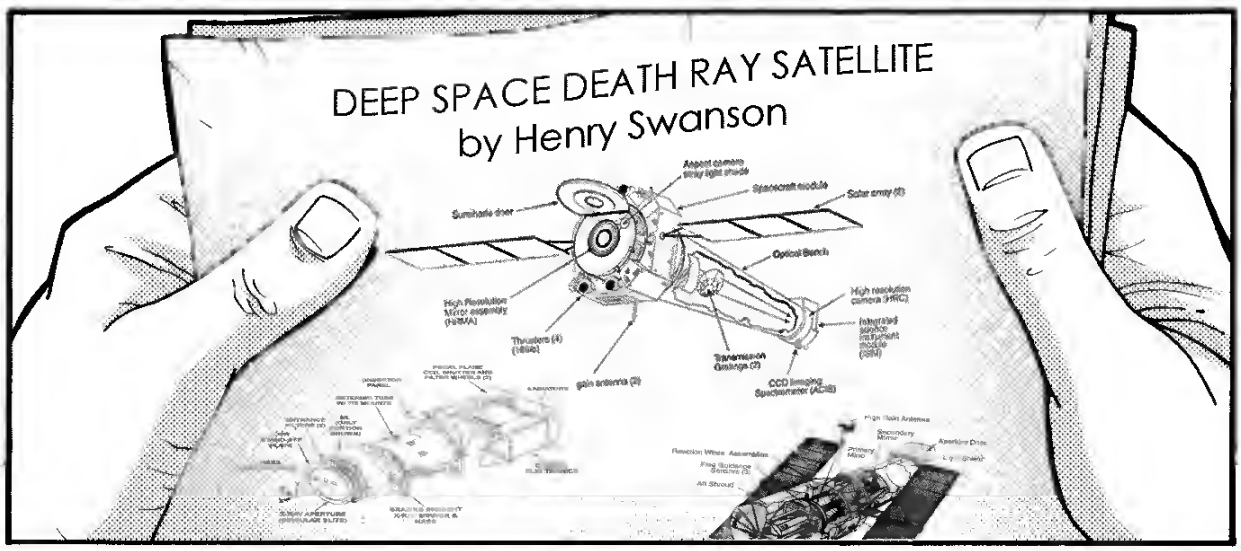
MAY THE BEST *MAN* WIN!
EAT SOME OF THIS!
OOF!
YOU WANT A TASTE...
...HERE!
"ARE YOU CRAZY, YO?"
I LIKE MY GIRLS LIKE I LIKE MY TAKE-OUT...

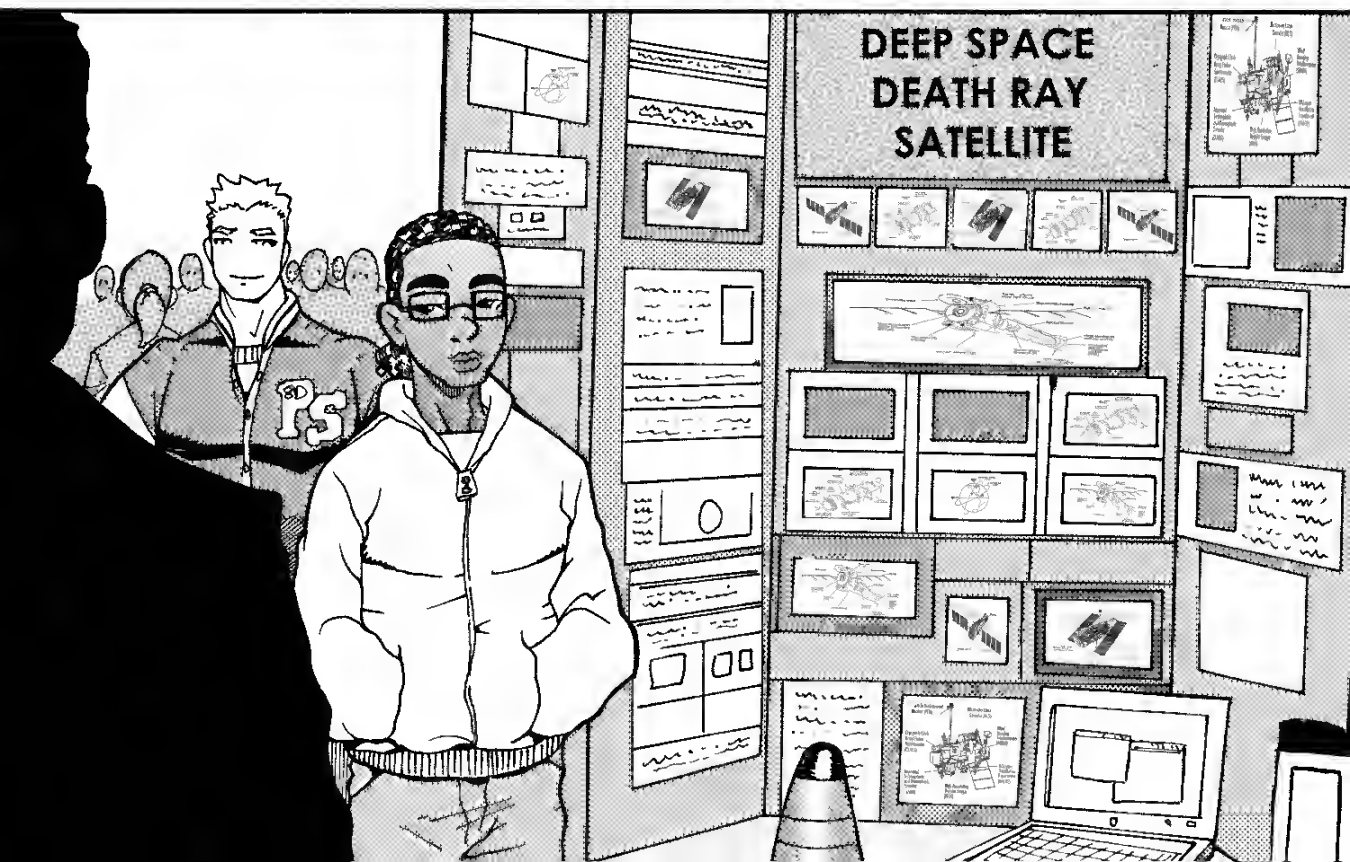
"...WHAT IF ONE DAY YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF AN OP..."
...TASTY...
...CHEAP...
...AND CHINESE!
"...ONE DAY YOU'RE IN A WORLD OF SHIT..."
...AND EVER SO TENDER!
"...AND BAM...
"...YOUR BOOBS GO FLYING EVERYWHERE!"

YEEEAAAG!
KRAK!
Private School: 6
Public School: 5
THUD!

IT WAS A LUCKY SHOT.
WE STILL NEED ONLY ONE MORE VICTORY IN THE NEXT TWO EVENTS, AND HENRY HAS THE SCIENCE FAIR COMPETITION IN THE BAG--
YOU SAID YO HAD IT IN THE BAG.
DON'T SWEAT IT—IT'LL BE A WALK OVER.
...AS SMOOTH AS WALTZING NINJAS MOVING THROUGH THE TALL GRASS...


EVENT #12: SCIENCE FAIR
HMM...


DEEP SPACE DEATH RAY SATELLITE
by Henry Swanson


DEEP SPACE
DEATH RAY
SATELLITE

THIS IS A SCIENCE FAIR, NOT A SCIENCE FICTION!
I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND...
DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT? A "DEEP SPACE DEATH RAY SATELLITE?"
NOT ONLY IS IT COMPLETELY SCIENTIFICALLY IMPOSSIBLE, BUT I THINK IT'S DERANGED AS WELL.

YOU GIVE ME NO CHOICE, YOUNG MAN...
THE POTATO CLOCK
ALL RIGHT!
...I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE THE AWARD TO PUBLIC SCHOOL BY DEFAULT!
Private School: 6
Public School: 6
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
THERE'S A MISUNDERSTANDING...
...

WHY DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND ME?!

STAND DOWN, LITTLE BUDDY!
OOF!
I SEE THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME—UM—MISUNDERSTANDING?
YOUR *STUDENT* IS SHOWING VERY POOR *SPORTSMANSHIP*!
WE'D BE WELL WITHIN THE *SPIRIT* OF THE RULES IF *ALL* OF PRIVATE SCHOOL WAS DISQUAL—
NO, NO, NO...
OOF!
POW!

AT LEAST IT SHOWS OUR STUDENTS CARE, RIGHT...?
...YOU KNOW THESE KIDS TODAY...
YEAH... YOU KNOW... WE'RE EMOTIONAL...
THANKS FOR UNDERSTANDING... YOU KNOW THIS IS PERFECTLY NORMAL BEHAVIOR FOR STUDENTS.
WE'RE PERFECTLY NORMAL, YOU KNOW.
NOW THIS IS EXCITING, ISN'T IT...

...YOU'RE PRIVATE SCHOOL STUDENTS ARE TIED WITH PUBLIC SCHOOL. IT'S A DEAD HEAT!
YOU'VE ALL REALLY SHOWED ME SOMETHING... A FIGHTING SPIRIT.
SCHOOL SPIRIT.
...YOU'RE ALL ALREADY WINNERS.
I LEARNED LONG AGO THAT WINNING ISN'T EVERYTHING...
...IT'S HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME!
YOU'VE ALL SHINED. AND I WOULDN'T WANT THIS COMPETITION TO PUT ANY MORE UNDUE ACADEMIC PRESSURE ON YOU.
SO I GUESS WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS...
WHAT KINDA CRAP IS THAT?!

"IT'S NOT IF YOU WIN, IT'S HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME!"
THAT IS SO RETARDED.
IT'S CRAP.
SCREW THAT!
NO WAY, JOSE!
CLOCK
I...
...WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? I THOUGHT—
THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM— THINKING.

WELL...
...IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT...
WE'LL SAY THAT A TIE EQUALS BOTH TEAMS LOSING, NOT THAT EVERYBODY'S A WINNER...
THIS CHANGE IN ATTITUDE RAISES SOME RED FLAGS, BUT I DO REALIZE THAT TEENS STRUGGLE WITH SELF-DETERMINATION AND EXPRESSION--
AND I WOULDN'T WANT MY COMPROMISE TO... WELL...COMPROMISE YOUR BELIEFS...
...SO...IF PRIVATE SCHOOL WANTS TO LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER SEPTEMBER...
...IT ALL COMES DOWN TO THE CHESS MATCH.
WHAT THE HELL DID WE JUST DO?

NO SWEAT!
WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.
SPILL IT, DEBBIE. WHAT'S THE PLAN? WHAT'S OUR SECRET WEAPON?
STATUS: AQUIRING TARGETS...

IT'S NOT A SECRET, IT'S MELISSA!
SHE'S A CHESS WAR MACHINE! I'VE BEEN PRACTICING AGAINST HER DURING R&R—SHE KNOWS HER SHIT LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS.
POTATO CLOCK
LOOK...HERE SHE COMES NOW!
ENTER

WHEN SHE GETS HERE, SHE'LL SAVE THE DAY.
WHIIIIRRZZ
WWZZZZZZZZZIIRR
WHEN SHE GETS HERE, SHE'LL SHOW PUBLIC SCHOOL A THING OR TWO ABOUT CHESS.
WHIIIRRZ
HI!
HEY, DO YOU GUYS HEAR SOMETHING WEIR--?

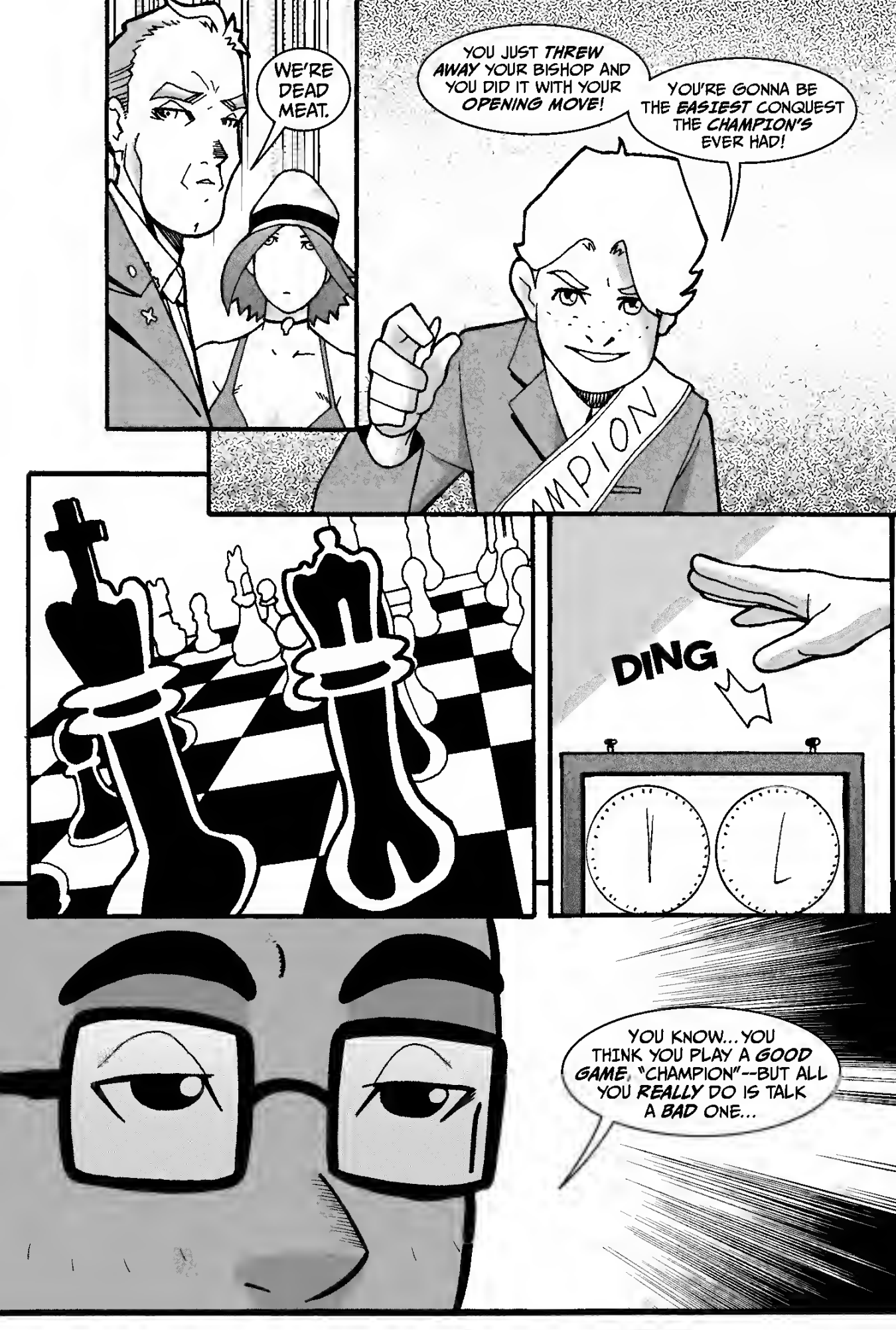
WWZZZZZZZIIRR

?
YOU CLUSTER-FUCKED IT HENRY! YOU BLEW OUR LAST CHANCE TO SMITHEREENS!
MELISSA WAS COLLATERAL DAMAGE! AND...
...IT WAS A POTATO CLOCK!
A POTATO CLOCK!
AND IT DIDN'T EVEN *WORK!*
AT EASE, BRYCE!
KILLING HENRY MIGHT NOT BE THE SMARTEST MOVE.
IT'S FEELS PRETTY SMART TO *ME*...
..WHAT THE HELL IS THIS MAGGOT *GOOD* FOR?
COOL IT! WE'VE GOT TO RALLY THE TROOPS—WE STILL HAVE A CHESS MATCH TO WIN!
WE NEED TO CALL IN THE CAVLARY! AND YEE-HAW, I HAVE BEEN PRACTICING AS MELISSA'S CHESS OPPONENT DURING RSR AND RECESS! AND YEE-HAW, I HAVE TRAINING IN—
I GOT A PLAN...

PUT HENRY IN THE MATCH! HE'S THE ONE THAT SCREWED THE POOCH!
I'M NOT TAKING THE FALL!
"...HE'S ONLY 12 YEARS OLD, BUT ACCELERATED AFTER-SCHOOL PROGRAMS AND EXTRA CREDIT HAS PUSHED HIM INTO HIGH SCHOOL...
CHAMPION
THERE'S NO ONE WHO CAN PULL OUR ASS FROM THIS FIRE.
WE'RE KOBIASHI MARUED!
"...HE'S A GENIUS AND A PROTEGE—WINNING THE STATE GAMING FINALS FOUR YEARS IN A ROW...
I'VE SEEN THE SITREP AND INTEL ON PUBLIC SCHOOL'S CHESS PLAYER...
"...HE'S A LEAN, MEAN, CHESS MACHINE."

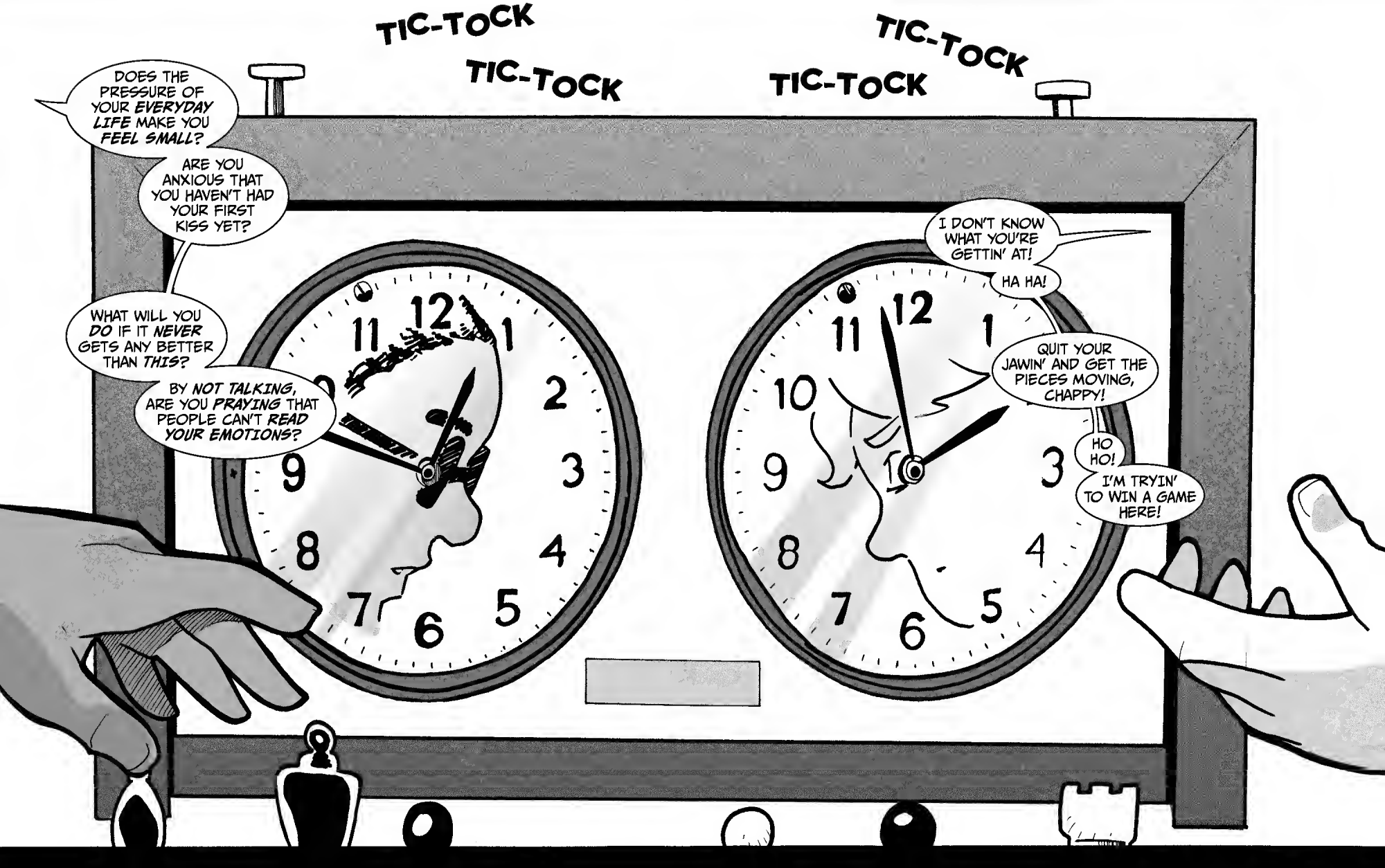
EVENT #13: CHESS
YOU'RE IN FOR THE *RIDE OF YOUR LIFE*, SONNY JIM!
DON'T TRY TO *ACT* ALL *COOL*, PAL O' MINE.
CHAMPION

IT ALL COMES DOWN TO THIS!
OK, BOYS! CHESS IS THE FINAL EVENT, SO THE LOSER GOES HOME!
DING!
12
1
2
11
10
Shfff
HA HA! IT MUST SUCK TO BE THE LOSER!
Shfff


WE'RE DEAD MEAT.
YOU JUST THREW AWAY YOUR BISHOP AND YOU DID IT WITH YOUR OPENING MOVE!
YOU'RE GONNA BE THE EASIEST CONQUEST THE CHAMPION'S EVER HAD!
MPION
DING
YOU KNOW... YOU THINK YOU PLAY A GOOD GAME, "CHAMPION"--BUT ALL YOU REALLY DO IS TALK A BAD ONE...

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU *MEASURE UP* WHEN IT COMES TO THE *GAME OF LIFE?*
DING
WHOA!
IT'S A TOTAL *MIND FUCK!*
AH HA! I SEE IT NOW...
AVOIDANCE, DISASSOCIATION, EASY AGGRESSION AND EVEN EASIER *RETREAT.* TELL ME...
HOW MUCH DOES IT *BOTHER* YOU THAT YOU STILL WET THE BED?

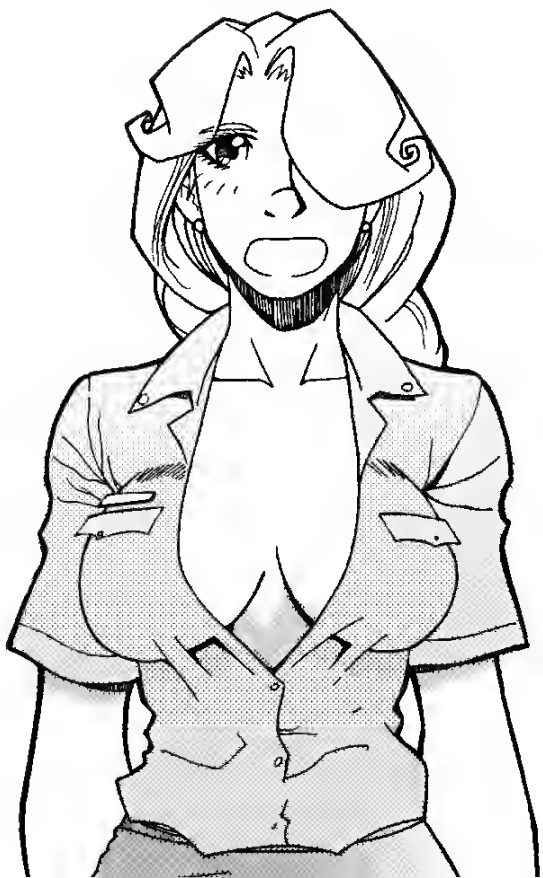
HA HA! HO HO! YOU'RE KIDDIN' ME!
I *DON'T* WET THE BED!
MOMMY SAYS ONLY *BAD LITTLE BOYS* UPSET THEIR *GOOD BIG MOMMIES* BY GOING WEE-WEE DURING NIGHT-NIGHT.
TEXTBOOK...
READING YOU IS AS EASY AS A *COMIC BOOK.*


TIC-TOCK
TIC-TOCK
TIC-TOCK
TIC-TOCK
DOES THE PRESSURE OF YOUR EVERYDAY LIFE MAKE YOU FEEL SMALL?
ARE YOU ANXIOUS THAT YOU HAVEN'T HAD YOUR FIRST KISS YET?
WHAT WILL YOU DO IF IT NEVER GETS ANY BETTER THAN THIS?
BY NOT TALKING, ARE YOU PRAYING THAT PEOPLE CAN'T READ YOUR EMOTIONS?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GETTIN' AT!
HA HA!
QUIT YOUR JAWIN' AND GET THE PIECES MOVING, CHAPPY!
HO HO!
I'M TRYIN' TO WIN A GAME HERE!

KNIGHT TO KING'S BISHOP 4--THE OBVIOUS PLAY OF A CLOSET HOMOSEXUAL.
PURE HARDCORE.
H-HOW DID...
I...
UM...
I...
MAY I BE EXCUSED, SIR? I...I N-NEED TO GO TO THE LITTLE BOYS ROOM.

5 minutes later
TIC-TOCK
TIC-TOCK
WELL...
TIC-TOCK
TIME'S UP.
THAT MAKES HENRY THE WINNER BY DEFAULT.
BUT I WONDER...
DING
Private School: 7
Public School: 6

"...WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THAT CHAMPION-GUY?"
CHAMP



CAN'T GET ENOUGH MAYHEM AND MORBID HUMOR?
THEN WE INVITE YOU TO CHECK OUT THIS SNEAK PREVIEW
FROM VOLUME 2 OF

The DARK GOODBYE

Meet Max "Mutt" Mason, a hardboiled, hard drinking Private Dick with a dark cloud hanging over his head.

Actually, there's a cloud hanging over the whole damn city. Strange things happen in the seaside burg of Los Allende, and Mutt seems to be a lightning rod, attracting some of the weirdest clients and thugs outside of a David Lynch flick.

Mutt's last case started out as a routine missing person case, but took an immediate left turn to crazy town. A wealthy debutante wanted Mason to find her "twin" sister. Seems she feared for her sis's wellbeing. Said a local quack doctor in her family's employ was using the poor waif for nefarious purposes. Turned out she was right. It also turned out that her little sister was a monster -- the unholy offspring of her mom and something not of this world. What she failed to mention was the fact that she intended to kill her sister, so that "Dad" would only lavish his attentions on her. Unfortunately, she got her wish.

Mutt managed to put the kibosh on that freaky family reunion, but this is Los Allende, and it's hard to keep a good ghoul down.

Now Mason's teamed up with a local astronomer who suspects that a recent fallen meteorite, a toxic industrial site and one of Mutt's old clients may share a sinister connection...

AKELEY
EMPORIUM
CLOSED
OPEN
OCCIDENTAL ELIXERS
&
HOMEOPATHIC REMEDIES
AKELEY WON'T MIND IF WE HELP OURSELVES.
ARE YOU SURE?
PRETTY SURE.
HRMM.

HOPEFULLY, WE CAN DISCOVER AKELEY'S SUPPLIER.
WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS?
KEEP COOL EXP W/m
SALE
A FIELD TRIP MAY BEST PROVIDE--
CAN I HELP YOU BOYS FIND ANYTHING?

HELLO, PUPPY!
THE DOCTOR
IS THAT A GUN IN YOUR POCKET *AND* YOU'RE HAPPY TO SEE ME?
AW, BOY. PROFESSOR, THIS PRECOCIOUS LITTLE THING IS *DOT*, LAST SEEN AS A DISH ON THE BUZZARD BUFFET.
YOU'RE FULL OF LIFE FOR A *DEAD GIRL*.
THAT WASN'T ME!
WELL, NOT REALLY...
WHO ARE YOU, DOT?
WHAT ARE YOU?

MMMM...
I'M DOT! A SMALL SPOT, A SPECK, A SPORE!
A STACCATO POINT, A SEED, LESS THAN A DASH, A SCORE!
A SPRIG, A SPROUT, A BUD, A CELL AND MORE!
YEAH, YOU'RE CUTE LIKE A *FRECKLE* THAT TURNS INTO A *CANCEROUS MOLE*.
WELL, POOCH, AS MY GRANDADDY N'GRATH LIKES TO SAY...
BLINK BLINK
"RAWR!"

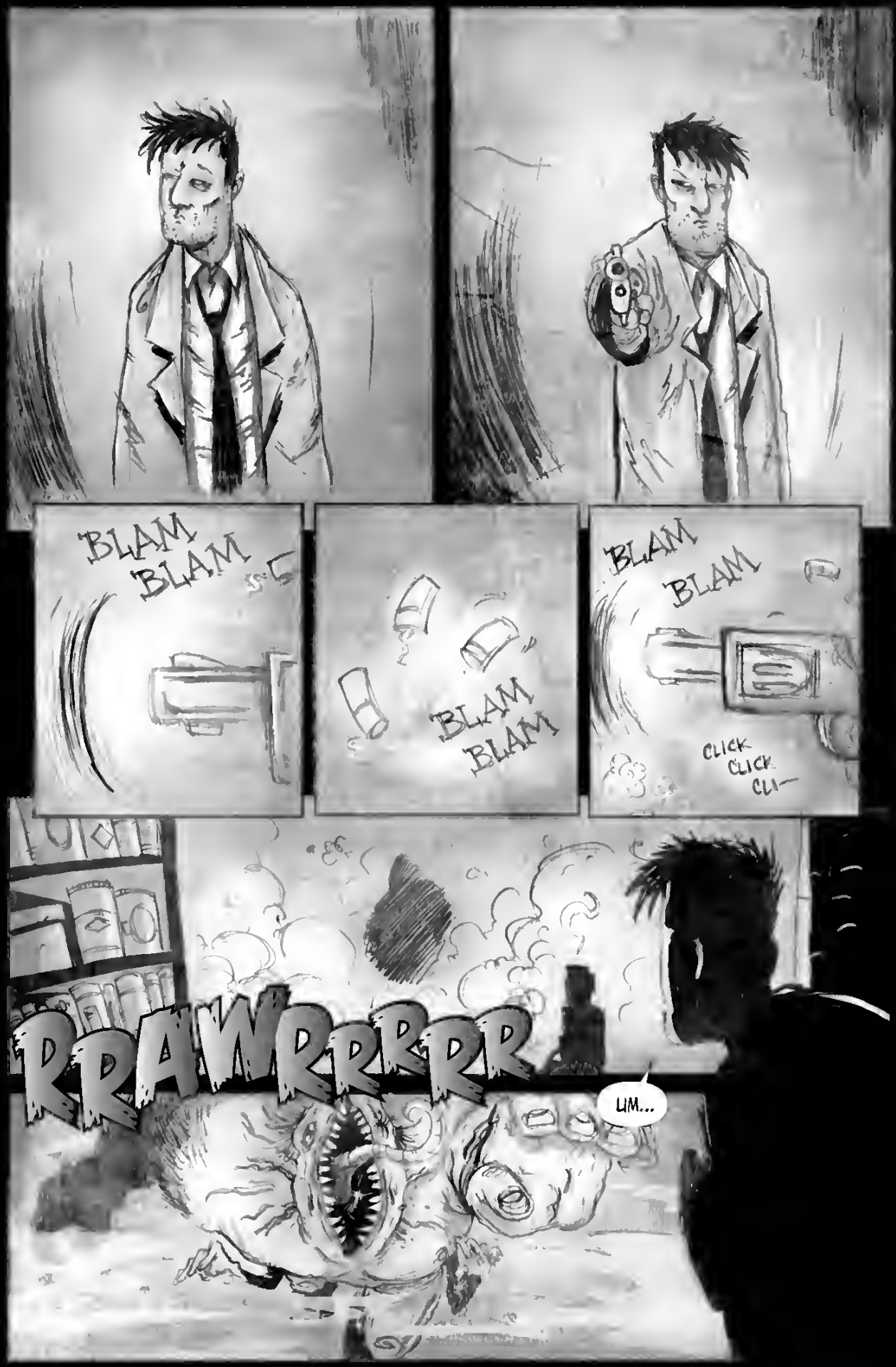
STOP PLAYING GAMES!
BAD PUPPIES GET SPANKED WITH NEWSPAPER.
TAP TAP TAP
HHHRG.
YOU DON'T SAY.
HI, GUGSY!
OH, MY!

ALL RIGHT, YA BIG LUMMOX, SPILL IT.
OH!
HRXL.
IS THAT GOON-SPEAK FOR "I THINK I WET MYSELF"?

WHAP
KRESH
GGGRRRRR.
HEY, BABOON-BREATH...
YOU CAN BARK ALL DAY...
YA GOT ANY BITE BEHIND IT?!

MPHH.
SNAP
SNAP
ZZZP
...
BOW WOW, FIDO.

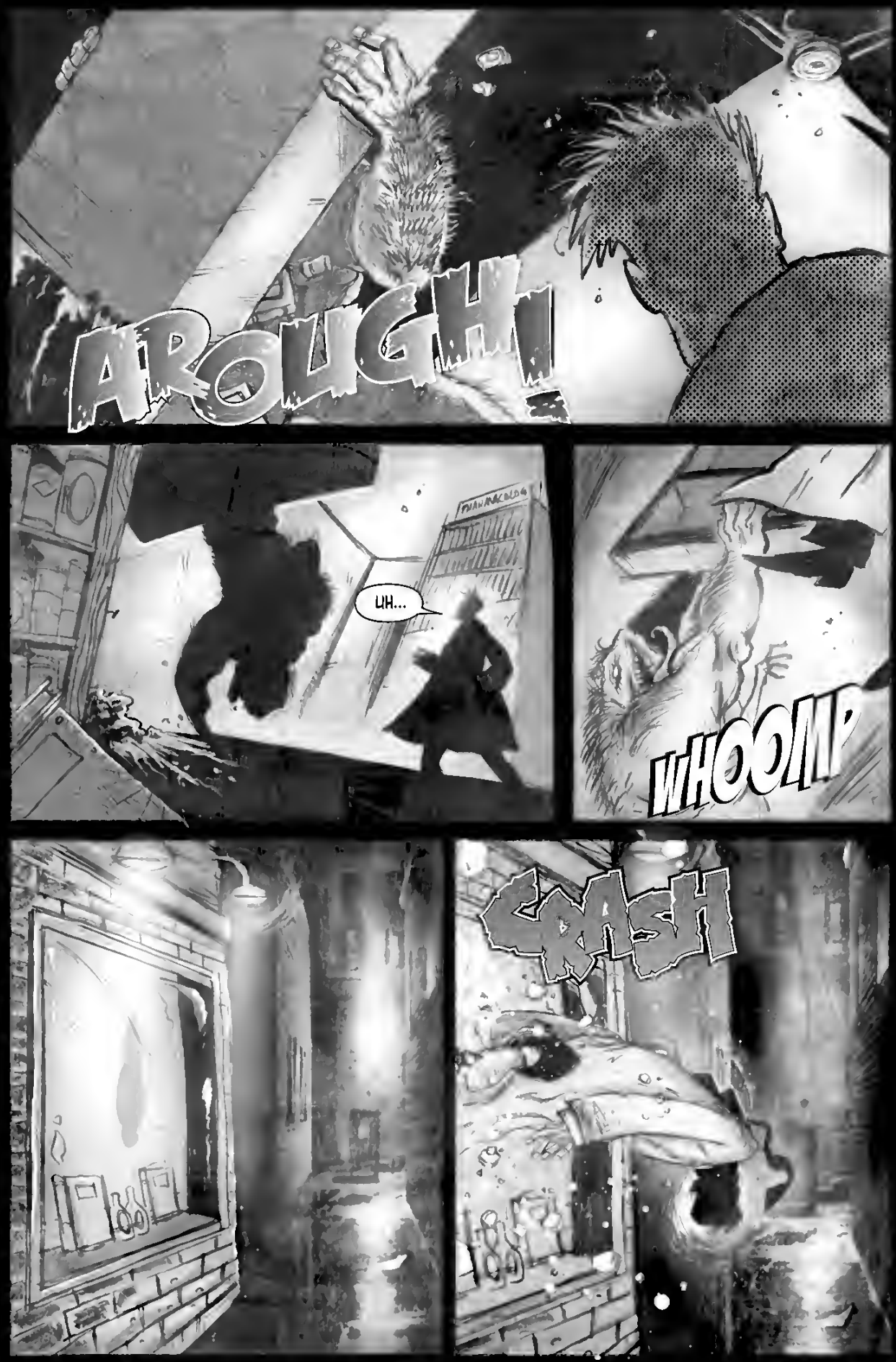
[GUGS UNLEASHED]
OKAY, MAYBE YOUR BITE *IS* WORSE THAN YOUR BARK...


BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
CLICK
CLICK
CLI—
RRAWRRRRRR
UM...

PROFESSOR! IF YOU WOULD!
FLIK
BRING THE CAR AROUND, PLEASE!
CLINK
CCHHKKK
OH, MY.
AHHRRRQL
HEY KIDS MANGA!
I KNEW THESE TRINKETS WERE GOOD FOR SOMETHING!

MUNCH MUNCH
HEY!
I WASN'T DONE WI --
'SCUSE ME...
COMING THROUGH!
FWUMP
THIS PLACE HAS DEFINITELY GONE TO THE DOGS!

CHOMP
KRE-KRUNCH
BLRGH
AROWL?


AROUGH!
UH...
WHOOM!
CRASH

VROOOO
SCREEECH
SHALL WE "MAKE TRACKS"?
IF THAT IS THE PROPER VERNACULAR...?
WELL! THAT WAS DIFFERENT.
FOR ME--NOT SO MUCH.

IN RESPONSE TO YOUR EARLIER QUERY...
I HAVE BEEN ATTEMPTING TO RAISE AWARENESS OVER THE EVER-ENCROACHING ECOLOGICAL FOOTPRINT OF INDUSTRY.
THE MOST VOCAL OPPOSITION TO MY WORK HAS COME FROM ONE *BRATISLAV NEBOZIZAK*...
...A DIRECTOR ON THE BOARD OF *EXHAM CHEMICAL*
WHAT COULD SO PERSONALLY INTEREST TRANSNATIONAL BUSINESS? THREATS TO THE PROFIT MARGINS?
THAT IS THE LEAST OF IT, I FEAR.
EXHAM
PRIVATE
KEEP OUT!

DUE TO CONCENTRATED *CHEMICAL SEEPAGE* NO OTHER FLORA IS ABLE TO GROW HERE.

AND YET, THESE THRIVE.

THE SAME SPECIMENS AS SEEN AT AKELEY'S.

EXHAM
WE ARE STANDING IN THE BASIN THAT COLLECTS ALL OF *EXHAM'S* POLLUTED RUN-OFF.
THIS IS WHERE THEIR WASTE SETTLES.

SO, YES, WHAT *ARE* THESE THINGS?
NO! DON'T--
THUP
Psssssss
GURGLE
GURGLE
SPLOORCH

nNNNGH...GHAAHH...
PUPPY.

NNNN...GRRRTH
SPLOORCH
SPLOORCH
SPLOORCH
PUPPY.

PUUHH
PUUHH
PUPPY
PUPPY
PUUUHHPEEEEEE
PUUUHHPEEEEEE
PUPPY

I READ ABOUT THIS IN A MAGAZINE ONCE...
DID YOU BY CHANCE *RE-LOAD* YOUR FIREARM?
UH...
NO.
K-CHK
THEN PERHAPS WE SHOULD REMEMBER THE LESSON REGARDING DISCRETION AND VALOR.
YEAH... I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT--
WHOMP
!

SPLOOSH
ZING
THORNY INSIDE...
CHOOKP

TALK ABOUT A PRICKER BUSH!
SPLORT
YI!
BOOP
SQUISH
RUN! CAR! NOW!

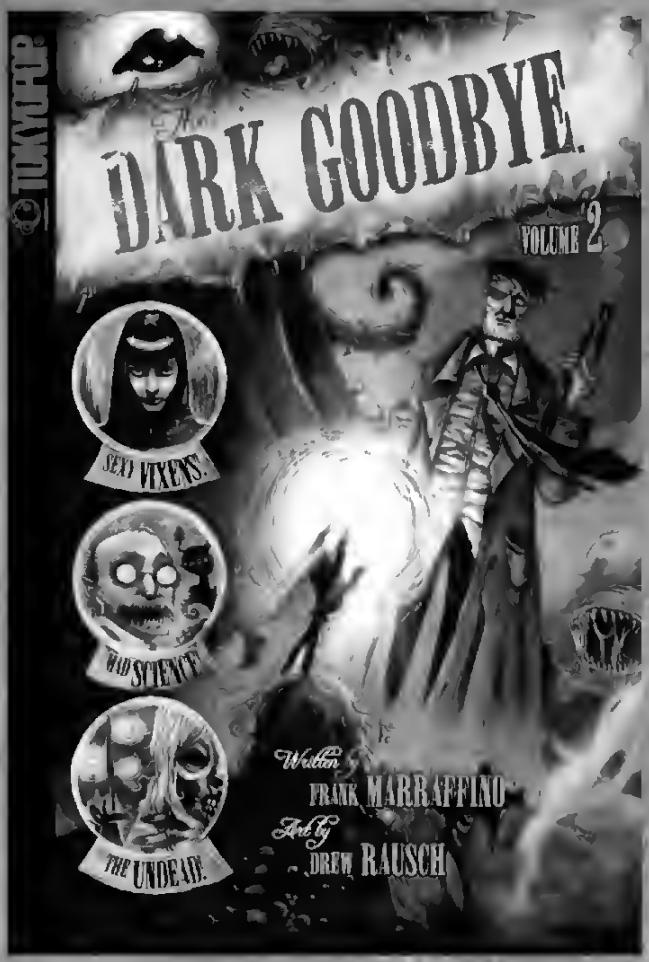
SPLOCH
OH, MY.
PUUUHHPEE
PUPPY
PUPPY...

THERE'S MORE MURDER AND MADNESS IN THE PAGES OF

THE DARK GOODBYE

VOLUME 2

ON SALE NOW!



"This place makes Sin City look like a day care center."

– Play Magazine, "10 Best Mangas of 2007"

D.R. & QUINCH

K6 NW